



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS IN THRILLS!



No 22  
MAR-APR.

# THE HOODEDED HORSEMAN

10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



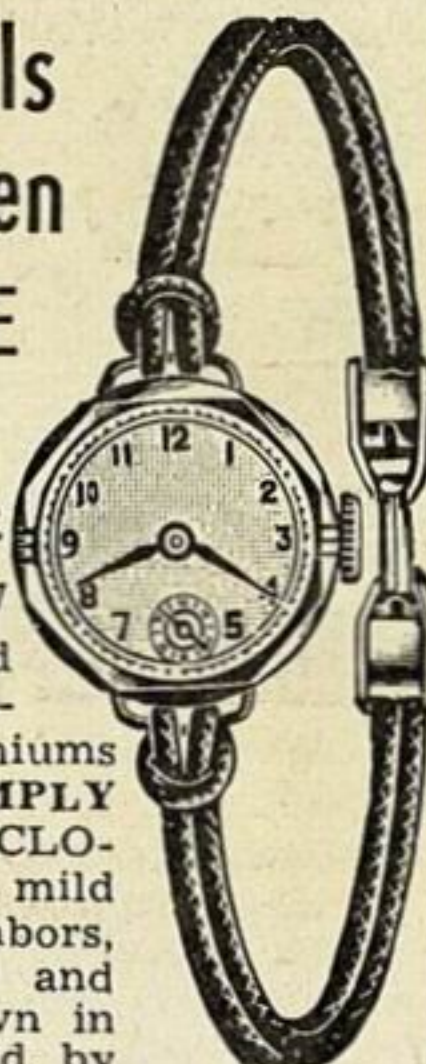
Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Men

WE ARE  
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.**



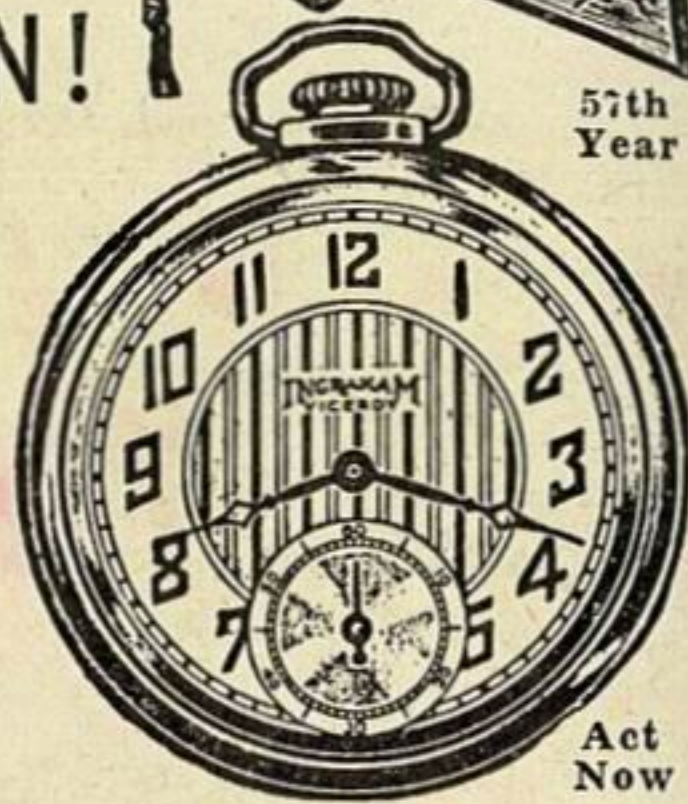
# PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

WE ARE  
RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS!  
LADIES - MEN!

MAIL COUPON NOW

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. 57th year. Mail coupon or write today. Be first. Act now. We trust you. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. R-27, TYRONE, PA.**



57th  
Year

Act  
Now

## GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS  
GIRLS

LADIES  
MEN



57th  
Year

Boys - Girls! Genuine 22 cal. Rifles. Movie Machines, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Mail coupon or write today.

**WILSON CHEM. CO.,  
Dept. T-27,  
TYRONE, PA.**

Act  
Now  
Our  
57th  
Year  
No  
Money  
Now

## GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Act  
Now

OUR 57th YEAR



Footballs, Baseballs, Billfolds, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. 57th year. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. V-27, Tyrone, Pa.**

## GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



Our 57th Year

Act Now

Complete Cub Fishing Outfits, Basketball Sets, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relative at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. We trust you. **Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. W-27, Tyrone, Pa.**

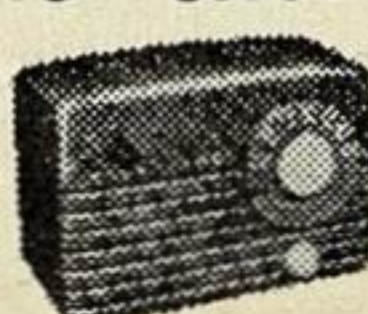
## GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Ukuleles,  
Radios,  
Watches  
(sent postage  
paid). Other  
Premiums or  
Cash

Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Act now. Write or mail coupon today.

Our 57th year. Be first. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. Y-27, Tyrone, Pa.**



M  
A  
I  
L  
C  
O  
U  
P  
O  
N



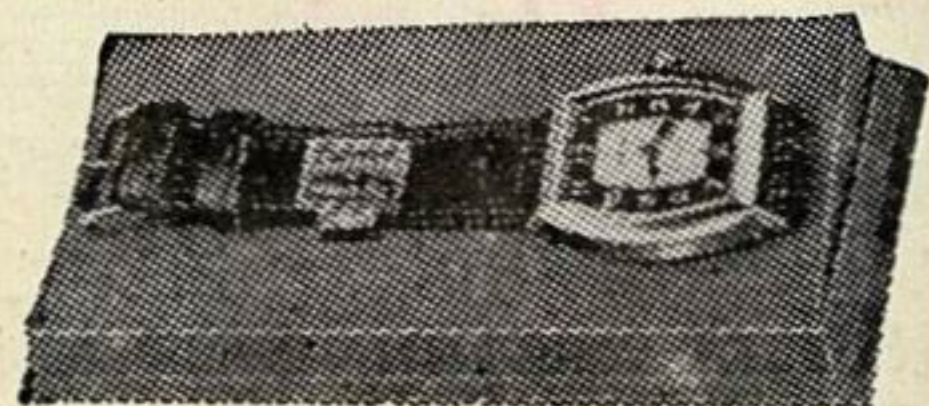
OUR  
57th  
YEAR

Act  
Now

MAIL COUPON NOW

## GIVEN-PREMIUMS-CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. Z-27, TYRONE, PA.**



## MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age.....

St. .... RD..... Box.....

Town ..... Zone ..... No..... State.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



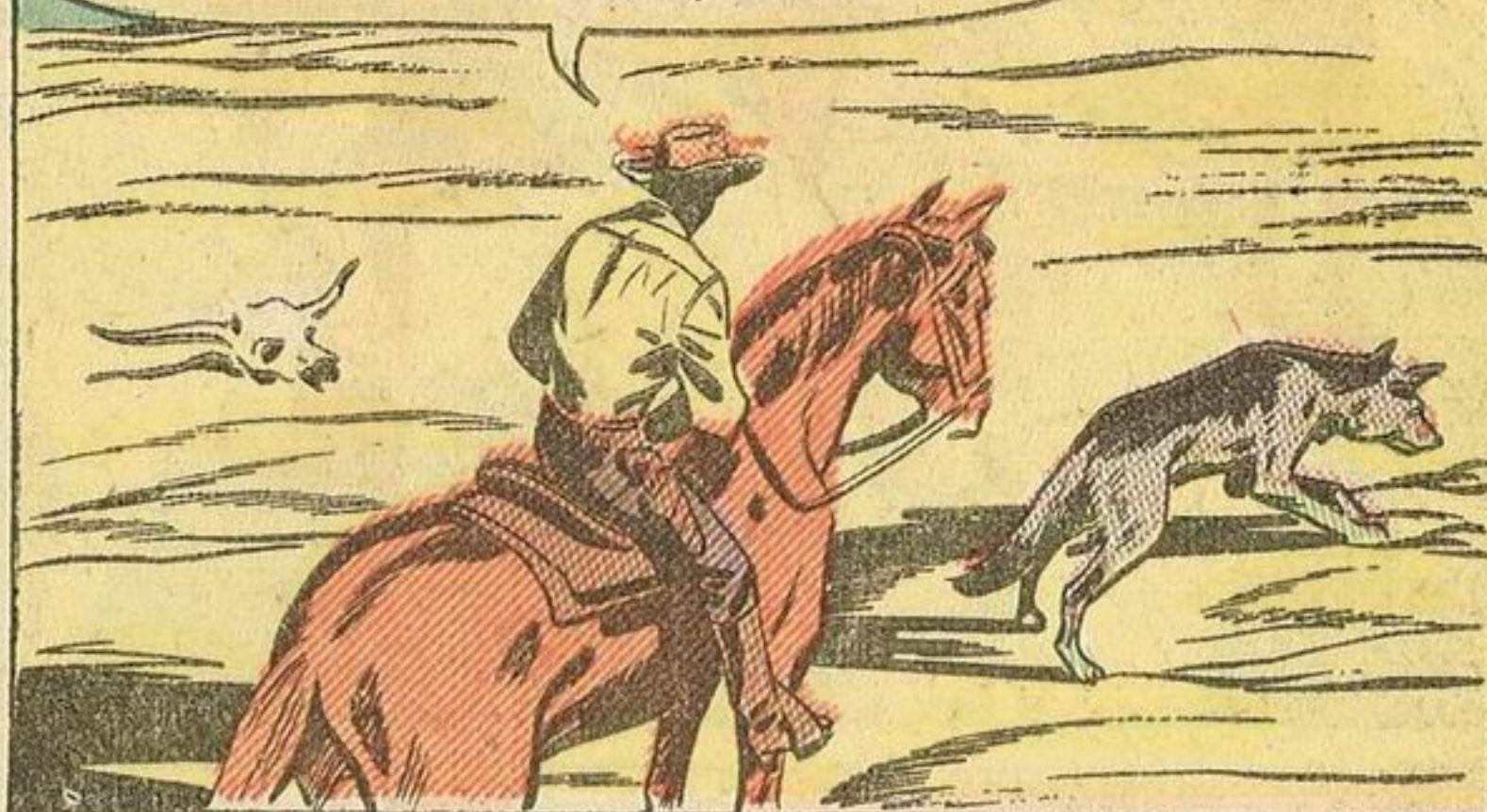
# The HOODED HORSEMAN



WEARING A BLOOD-RED MASK TO DISGUISE HIS IDENTITY AS BUD FRASER, THE **HOODED HORSEMAN** STALKED THROUGH THE BADLANDS OF THE OLD WEST, HIS SIXGUNS SPITTING FIRE AND DEATH UNTIL HE MADE KILLERS AND RUSTLERS quake in their boots-- AND DIE IN THEM! AND WHATEVER HE COULDN'T HANDLE WAS TAKEN CARE OF BY A HURTLING JUGGERNAUT OF CANINE SAVAGERY NAMED FLASH-- THE OTHER HALF OF THE **DEADLIEST DUO** THE WILD WEST EVER KNEW!

DEEP IN THE NEW MEXICAN DESERT...

IT'S NO WONDER YUH'RE SNIFFIN' AROUND AS IF YUH'VE NEVER BEEN IN THESE PARTS BEFORE, FLASH-- THAT BIG SANDSTORM LAST WEEK SHORE CHANGED THE SCENERY AROUND A LOT! IT LOOKS LIKE A BRAND NEW DESERT EVEN TUH ME!



AW, C'MON, FLASH-- IF YUH'RE GONNA STOP TO DIG UP EVERY OLD MESS O' CATTLE BONES, WE'LL NEVER GET TUH MESA CITY TONIGHT!

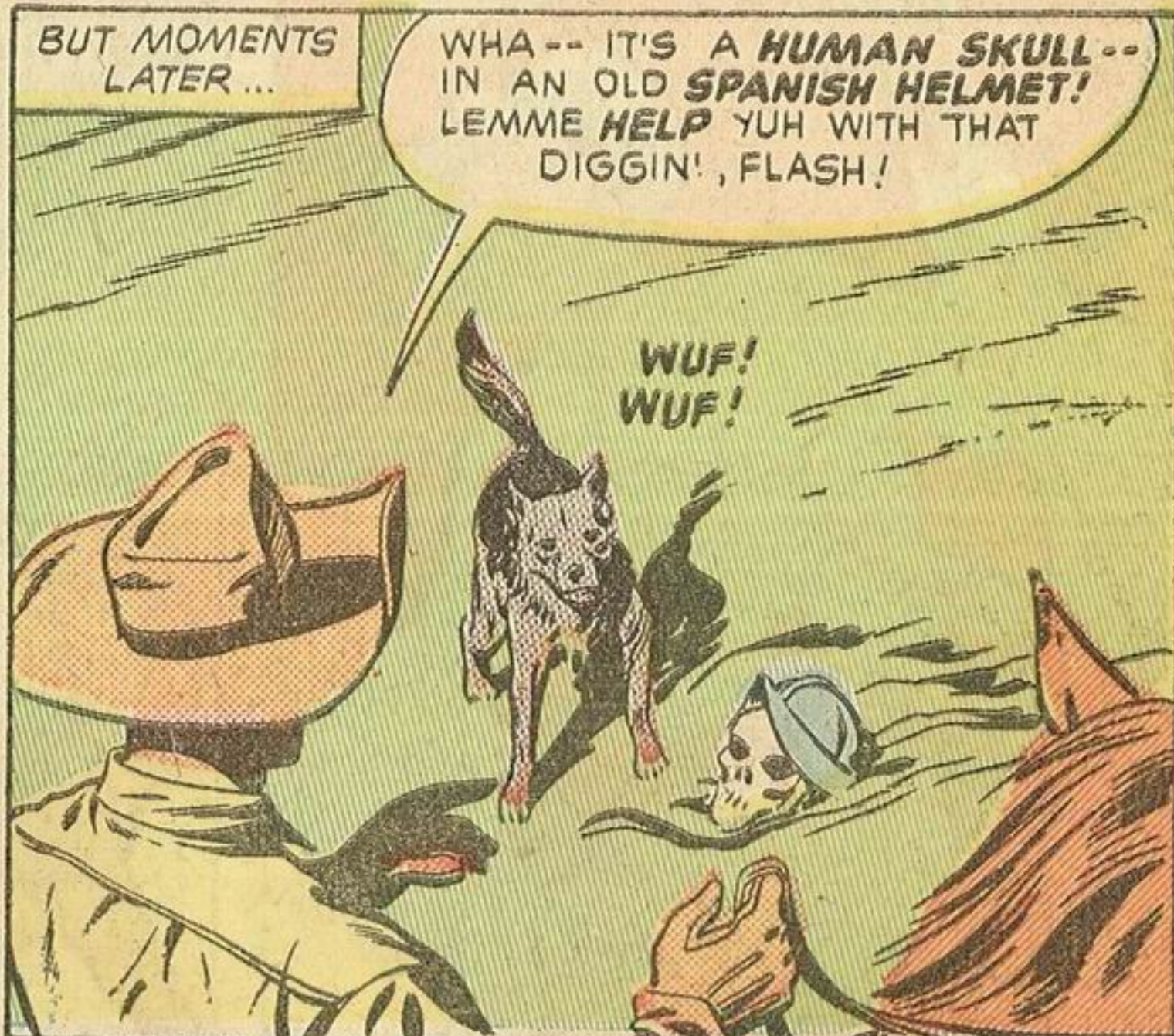
WUF!  
WUF!



BUT MOMENTS LATER...

WHA-- IT'S A **HUMAN SKULL**-- IN AN OLD **SPANISH HELMET**! LEMME **HELP** YUH WITH THAT DIGGIN', FLASH!

WUF!  
WUF!





MINUTES LATER... YUP, THAT ARMOR WAS THE TYPE WORN BY THE TROOPS O' CORTÉZ, THE CONQUEROR O' MEXICO! AN' THIS CHEST MIGHT HOLD SOME O' THE **LOOT** THE SPANIARDS STOLE FROM THE ANCIENT **AZTECS**!



SIMMERIN' SAGEBRUSH-- THAR'S A **FORTUNE** IN AZTEC GOLD COINS HERE! WE'VE STUMBLED ON THE REMAINS O' THE PARTY O' CONQUISTADORES THAT TRIED TUH FLEE NORTH WITH THE BOOTY WHEN THEIR EXPEDITION FAILED! THAR WERE ALWAYS OLD LEGENDS THAT THE PARTY MET ITS DOOM SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT HERE-- BUT FORTUNE HUNTERS LONG AGO GAVE UP TRYIN' TUH FIND THE TREASURE IN THE SHIFTIN' SANDS!

YUH'RE **WRONG**, PARDNER-- WE NEVER GAVE UP! **REACH!**



WE KEPT COMIN' OUT HERE AFTER EACH NEW SANDSTORM, HOPIN' THAT THE SHIFTIN' SANDS WOULD SHOW SOME TRACE O' THE FORTUNE -- BUT WE NEVER THOUGHT O' USIN' A **DOG** TUH SNIFF OUT THE BONES O' THE CONQUISTADORES!



AN' NOW THAT WE'VE GOT A DOG, WE'LL JEST GET RID OF ITS MASTER -- SO THAT HE CAINT TELL ANYONE BACK IN MESA CITY WHAT HE SAW HERE! **SAY YORE PRAYERS, STRANGER...!**



GIT 'IM, FLASH!



BANG!

OWW!

GRRR!

YUH'RE HALF A DOZEN AG'INST ONE -- BUT WHEN THAT ONE IS **BUD FRASER**, THE ODDS ARE PURTY EVEN!

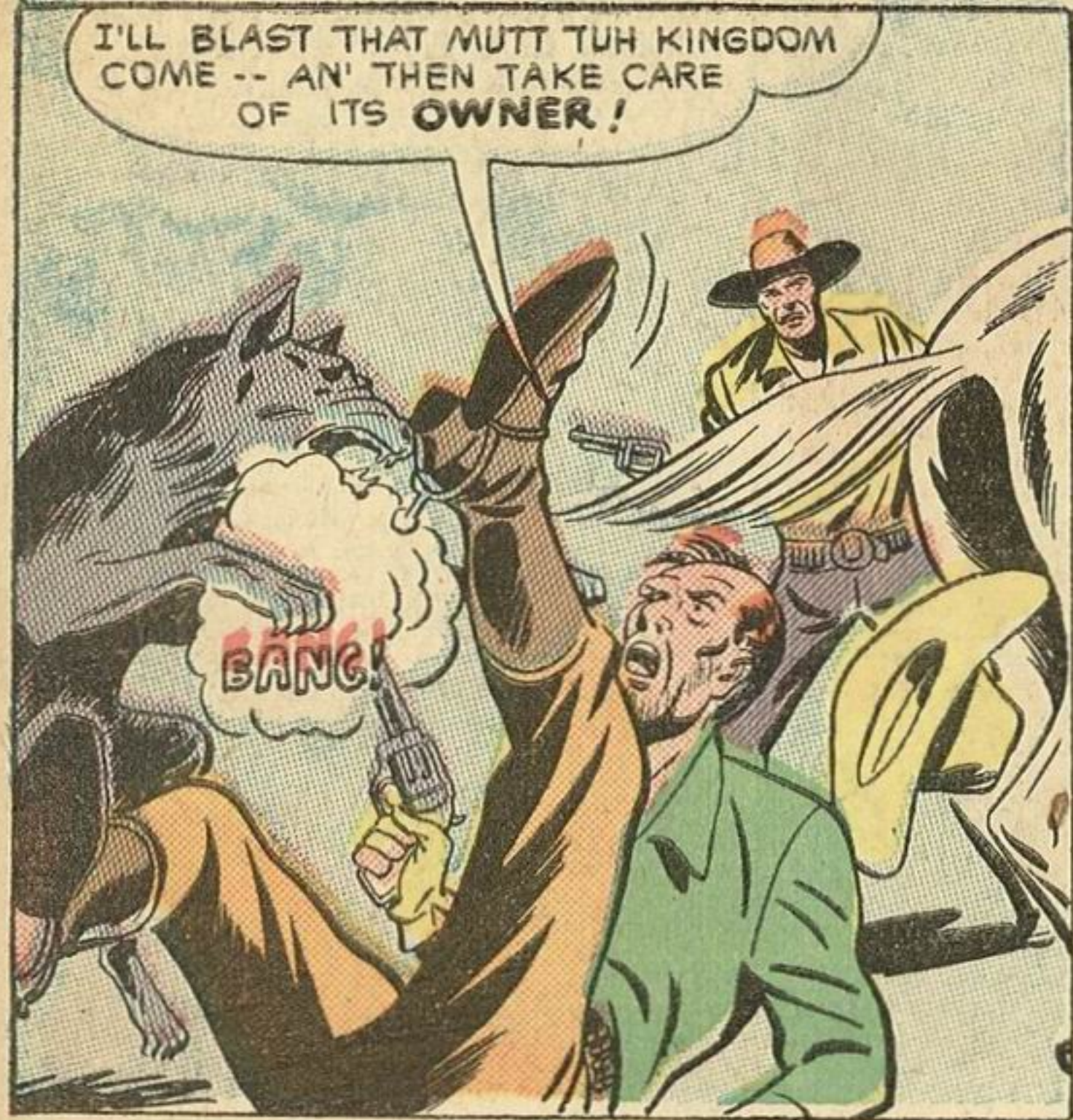
HE'S A SHOOTIN' FOOL -- TAKE COVER!



BANG!

BANG!





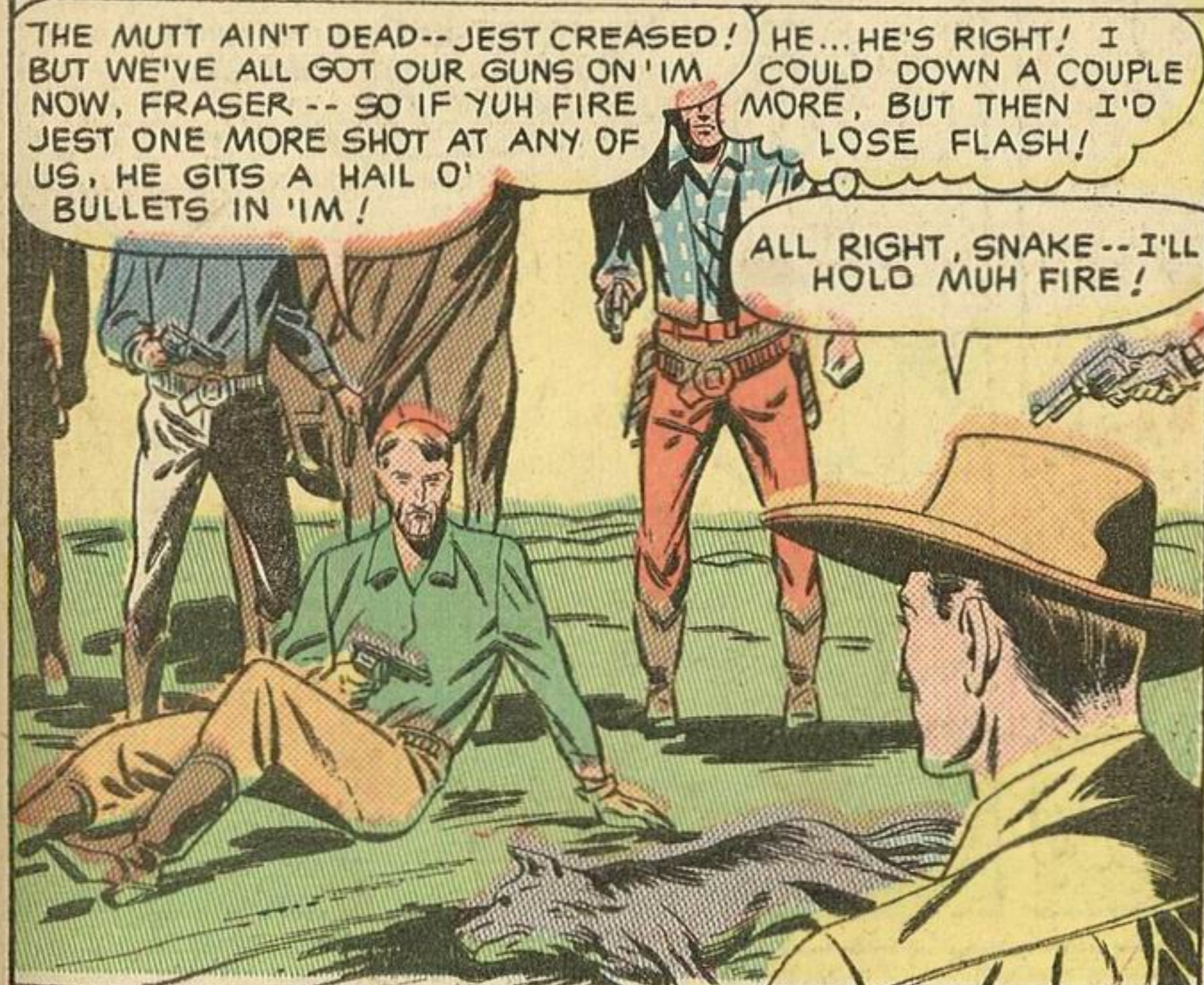
I'LL BLAST THAT MUTT TUH KINGDOM COME -- AN' THEN TAKE CARE OF ITS **OWNER!**

BANG!



I WASN'T SHOOTIN' TUH KILL BEFORE -- BUT IF THAT DOG IS DEAD -- I SWEAR I'LL BURY EVERY ONE O' YUH POLECATS ALONG WITH 'IM!

QUICK -- THE REST O' YUH -- AIM YORE GUNS AT THE HOUND!



THE MUTT AIN'T DEAD -- JEST CREASED! BUT WE'VE ALL GOT OUR GUNS ON 'IM NOW, FRASER -- SO IF YUH FIRE JEST ONE MORE SHOT AT ANY OF US, HE GITTS A HAIL O' BULLETS IN 'IM!

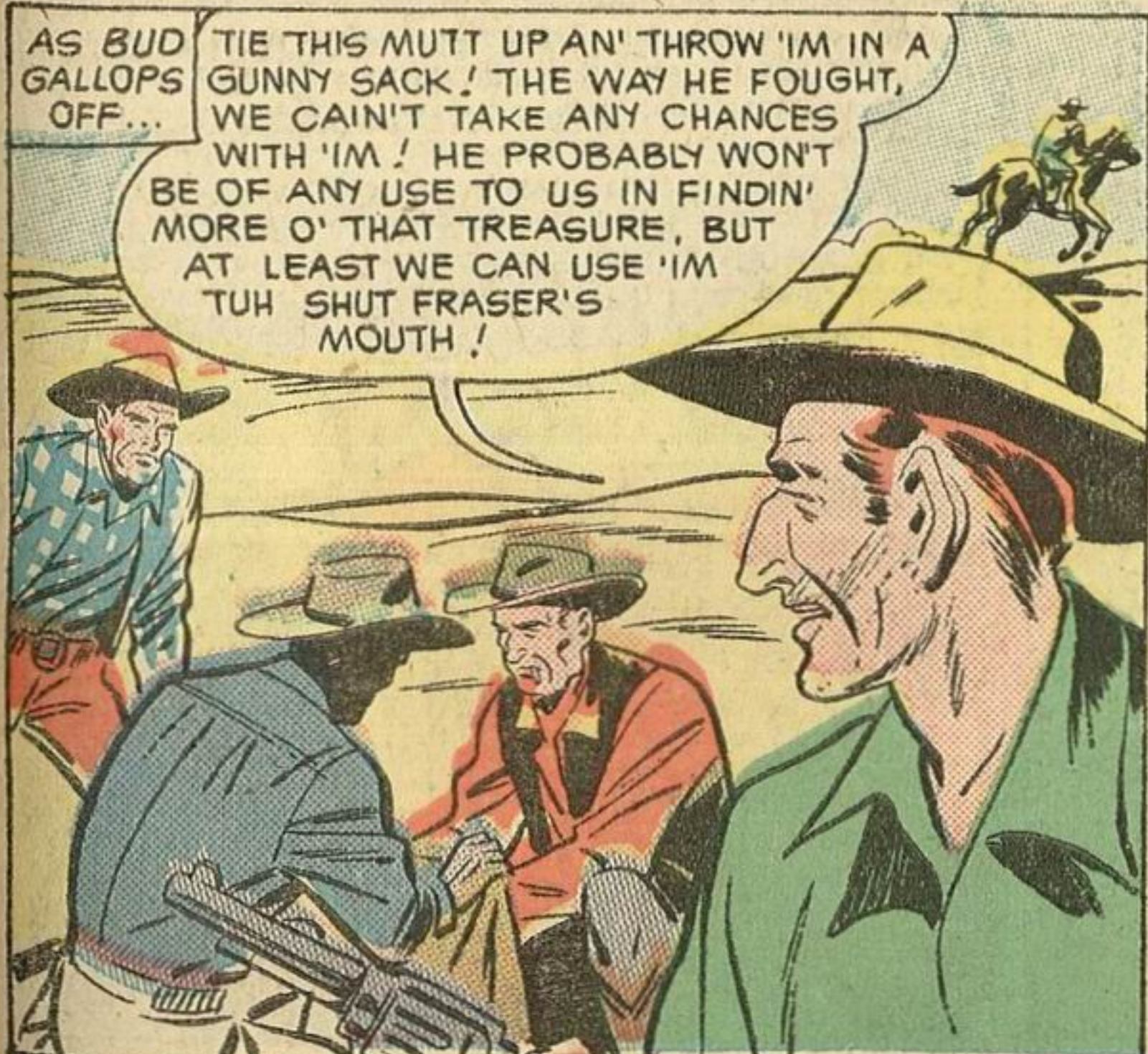
HE... HE'S RIGHT! I COULD DOWN A COUPLE MORE, BUT THEN I'D LOSE FLASH!

ALL RIGHT, SNAKE -- I'LL HOLD MUH FIRE!



THE NAME'S **HAWK MASTERS**, FRASER -- AN' I CAN SEE YUH SET A MIGHTY BIG STORE BY THIS MUTT! BUT YUH WON'T EVER SEE HIM ALIVE AGAIN UNLESS YUH VAMOOSE AN' KEEP YORE TRAP SHUT ABOUT THAT AZTEC TREASURE YUH FOUND! PLAY ALONG WITH US AN' MEBBE WE'LL GIVE YUH YORE DOG BACK TOMORROW IN MESA CITY!

IT'S A DEAL -- BUT HARM A HAIR O' THAT HOUND'S HEAD -- AN' I'LL HOUND YUH ALL DOWN TUH YORE GRAVES!



AS BUD GALLOPS OFF... TIE THIS MUTT UP AN' THROW 'IM IN A GUNNY SACK! THE WAY HE FOUGHT, WE CAIN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH 'IM! HE PROBABLY WON'T BE OF ANY USE TO US IN FINDIN' MORE O' THAT TREASURE, BUT AT LEAST WE CAN USE 'IM TUH SHUT FRASER'S MOUTH!



BUT AS SOON AS BUD IS OUT OF SIGHT...

WAL, I RECKON IT'S TIME THE **HOODED HORSEMAN** TOOK A HAND IN THIS RUCKUS!



NIGHT FALLS... AND THE MID-NIGHT BLACK OF THE HOODED HORSEMAN'S GARB BLENDS WITH THE DESERTS SHROUD OF DARKNESS, WHILE A DISTANT CAMPFIRE CASTS A FLICKERING GLOW OVER A MASK AS CRIMSON AS BLOOD...

I' CIRCLED BACK-- SO THAT MUST BE THE GANG'S CAMP. FIRE YONDER! NOW TUH LAY THAT OUTPOST GUARD LOW!

I HOPE YUH HAVE NIGHTMARES, YUH SIDEWINDER!

OKAY, BOYS, SADDLE UP! WE FOUND ENOUGH O' THE AZTEC TREASURE-- NOW WE KIN HEAD BACK TUH MESA CITY AN' GO THROUGH WITH THE BOSS'S PLAN!

I'LL TAKE THAT TREASURE, GENTS!



IT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN! BLAST 'IM-- OWW!

I COULD JEST AS EASILY HAVE AIMED AT YOUR HEARTS-- SO BE SMART-- AN' REACH-- ALL OF YUH!

H... HOLD YORE FIRE, HORSEMAN! WE'LL DO AS YUH SAY!

GOOD! I RECKON THAT TREASURE YUH FOUND IS IN THIS GUNNY SACK-- SO I'LL JEST RELIEVE YUH OF IT!



AS THE HORSEMAN GALLOPS OFF...

THE DURNED FOOL-- ALL HE GOT IN THAT GUNNY SACK WAS THE HOUND!

YEAH, BUT AS SOON AS HE FINDS OUT HIS MISTAKE, HE'S GONNA BE BACK GUNNIN' FER US! LET'S HIT FER TOWN-- PRONTO!

BUT OFF IN THE DARKNESS...

EASY, FLASH-- I'LL HAVE YUH FREE IN A MINUTE! I KNEW YUH WERE IN THAT GUNNY SACK WHEN I SAW IT QUIVERIN'! YUH'RE PROBABLY ITCHIN' FER REVENGE, BUT THAR'S A REASON WHY I DIDN'T WIPE THEM VARMINTS OUT WHEN I STOLE UP ON 'EM! THEY MENTIONED SOMETHIN' ABOUT THEIR BOSS'S PLAN, AN' I WANT 'EM TUH LEAD ME TUH THEIR BOSS!





NEXT MORNING...

I KNOW YUH WANT TUH GO TUH MESA CITY WITH ME, FLASH -- BUT YUH'VE GOT TUH STAY HERE, OUT O' SIGHT! IF THE GANGMEN SEE THE TWO OF US TOGETHER, THEY'LL KNOW **BUD FRASER IS THE HOODED HORSEMAN!** BUT DON'T FRET NONE -- IF I NEED HELP, I'LL **SIGNAL** FER YUH!

ARF! ARF!

AN HOUR LATER, IN MESA CITY...

WHAAAA! IT'S **FRASER!** SLAP LEATHER, BOYS!

OOOF!

NO -- WAIT! I AIN'T LOOKIN' FER A FIGHT, MASTERS! ALL I WANT IS MUH **DOG** BACK!

WAL -- THAT'S DIFFERENT! YUH'LL GIT YORE MUTT -- IF YUH'LL JEST FOLLOW SOME SIMPLE ORDERS! C'MON, LET'S GO SOME-PLACE WHAR WE KIN TALK!

ALL YUH GOTTA DO IS TAKE THESE GOLD COINS AN' START RUNNIN' THROUGH TOWN, SHOUTIN' THAT YUH FOUND 'EM IN THE **OLD CAVE ON GROTTA HILL!** DO THAT -- AN' YUH'LL GIT YORE MUTT BACK TONIGHT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT -- BUT I'LL DO IT!

**YAHOO!** I FOUND GOLD IN GROTTA HILL CAVE!

WHAT? -- LET'S SEE YORE GOLD, STRANGER!

WHAAAA -- THEM'S **AZTEC** GOLD PIECES!

YEAH -- HE MUST'VE STUMBLED ON THE REMAINS O' THAT CORTEZ PARTY! WE ALLUS THOUGHT THEY HID THEIR TREASURE OUT IN THE DESERT -- BUT IT WAS **GROTTA HILL CAVE** ALL THE TIME!

WHAT'S THAT? IN MY CAVE?

HARDWARE

GROTTA HILL CAVE IS MY PROPERTY, STRANGER -- AND I'LL PROSECUTE YUH TUH THE FULLEST EXTENT O' THE LAW FER TRESPASSIN' ON IT! THAT GOLD DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU -- YOU **STOLE** IT! SOMEONE CALL THE SHERIFF!

I'M RIGHT HERE, MR. THORNTON -- I'LL HUSTLE 'IM RIGHT OFF TUH THE HOOSGOW!





COME ALONG, SON--  
YUH'LL GIT A FAIR  
TRIAL EVEN THOUGH  
MR. THORNTON IS  
MAYOR O' THIS  
TOWN!

BUT-- BUT  
LISTEN!  
I--

LISTEN TO ME, FELLOW  
CITIZENS-- THAT AZTEC GOLD  
BELONGS TO **ALL YOU MEN**  
WHO'VE BEEN SEARCHING  
THE DESERT FOR IT  
ALL THESE YEARS!



I DON'T INTEND KEEPING  
THE GOLD FOR MYSELF--  
I'LL START SELLING  
SHARES IN THE  
CAVE TO THE  
**HIGHEST  
BIDDERS!**

WOW-- I'LL  
PAY \$ 500  
FER A  
SHARE  
IN THAT  
GOLD!

I'LL PUT UP A  
**THOUSAND!**



**TWO  
THOUSAND!**

I'LL MAKE  
IT **THREE!**

THAT AZTEC GOLD WAS  
SUPPOSED TO BE WORTH  
**MILLIONS**-- SO THOSE  
TOWNSMEN WILL OFFER  
ALL THEIR LIFE'S SAVINGS  
FOR A SHARE IN THAT  
CAVE! I'M BEGINNIN'  
TUH UNDERSTAND  
THE PLOT NOW!

**JAIL**



THE GANGMEN JEST USED ME AS A  
DUPE-- AN' WHEN THE TOWNSMEN  
FIND OUT THAR'S NO REAL TREASURE  
IN THE CAVE, THEY'RE GONNA  
COME BACKACHIN' FOR REVENGE  
AGAINST THE HOMBRE WHO GAVE  
THEM THE BUM STEER-- ME!  
THORNTON AN' HIS MEN WILL  
HAVE LEFT TOWN-- AN' I'LL  
BE THE SCAPEGOAT!

I RECKON IT'S SAFE  
TUH LEAVE YUH HERE  
ALONE, SON-- I'M  
GOIN' OFF TO BUY  
A COUPLE O'  
SHARES IN THAT  
CAVE **MUHSELF!**



AS THE SHERIFF LEAVES...

NOW'S THE TIME I NEED FLASH!  
THE HIGH-PITCHED NOTES O' THIS  
WHISTLE ARE ABOVE THE  
RANGE O' HUMAN EARS--  
BUT **FLASH WILL SHORE  
HEAR 'EM!**

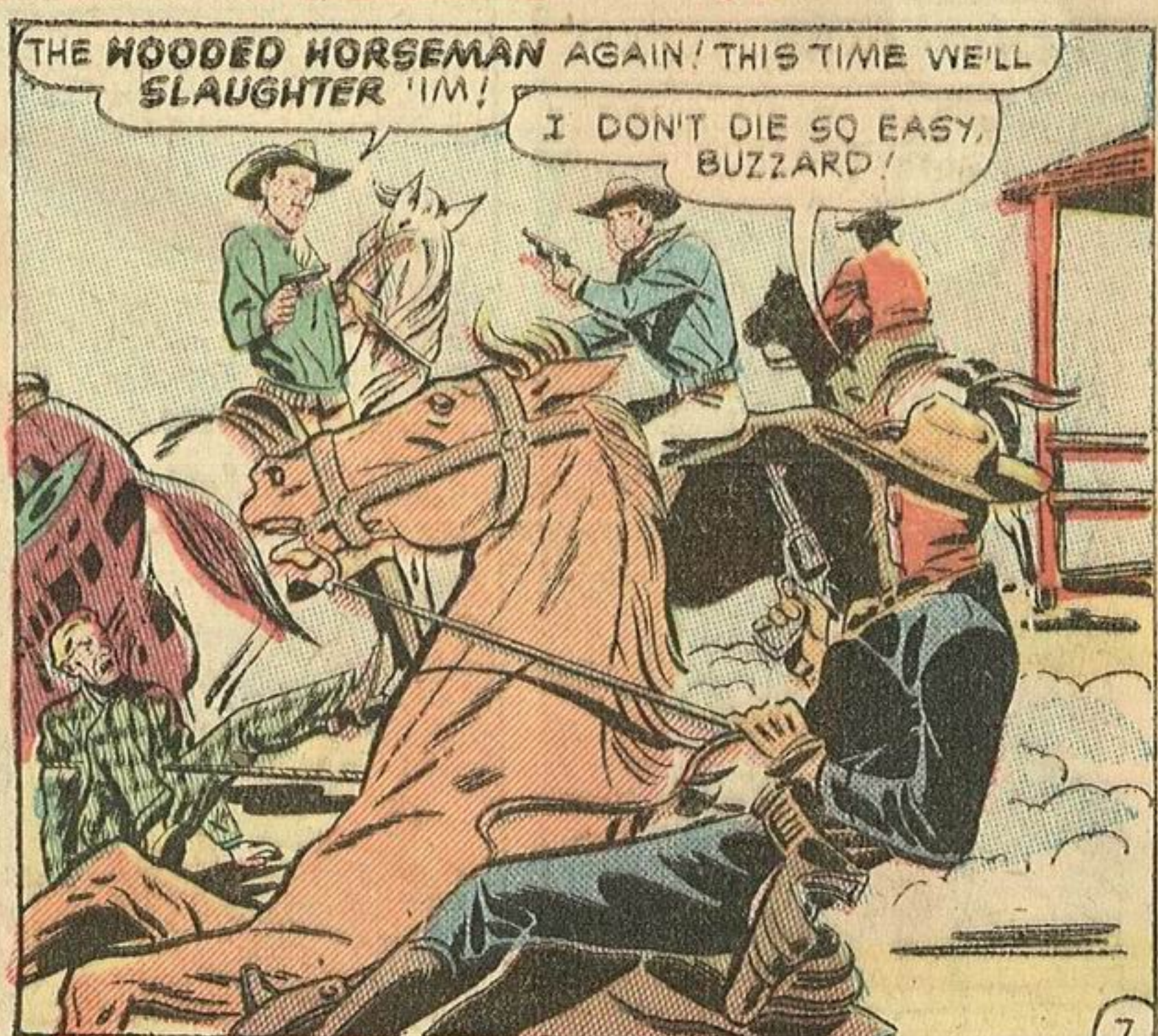
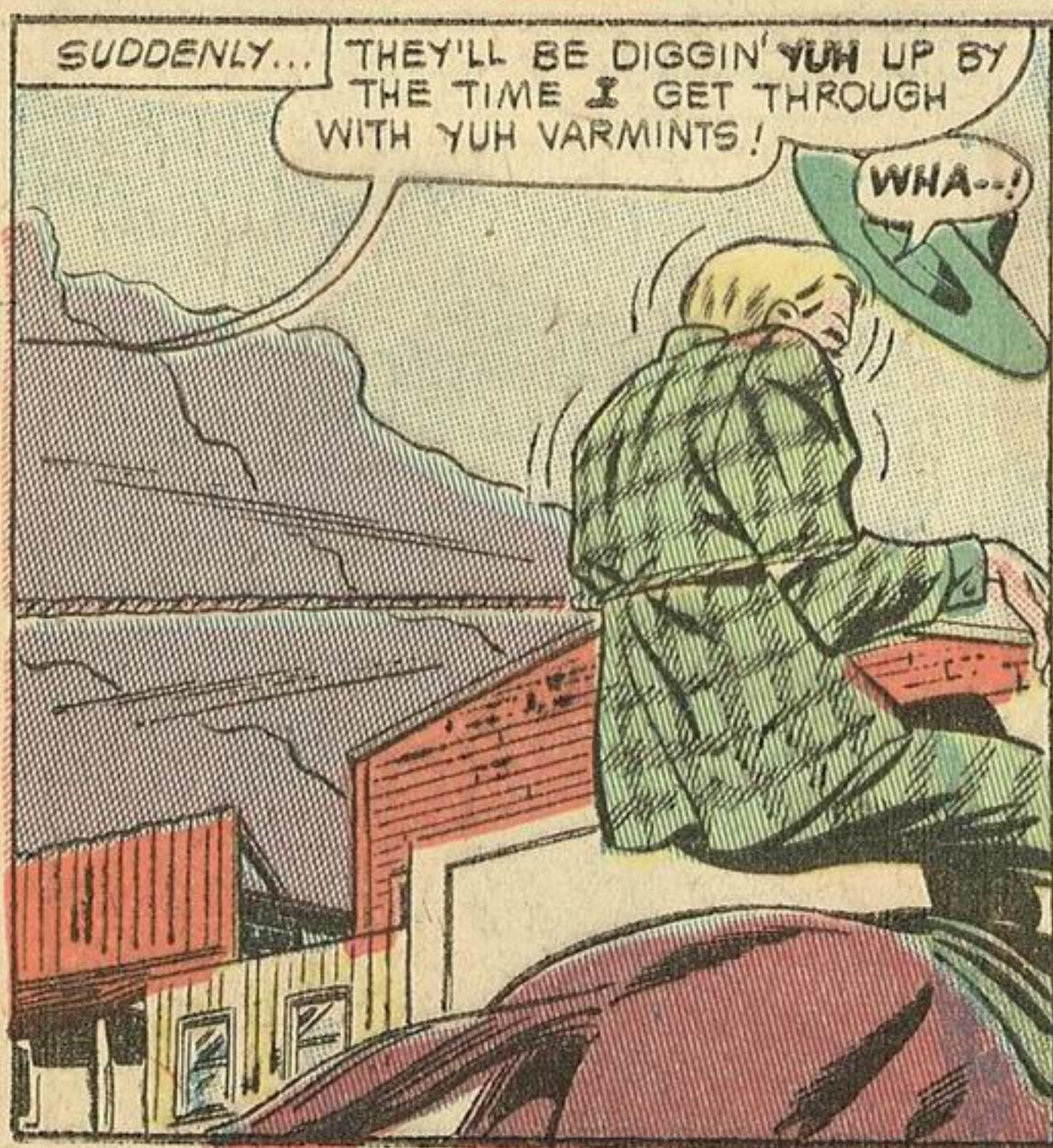
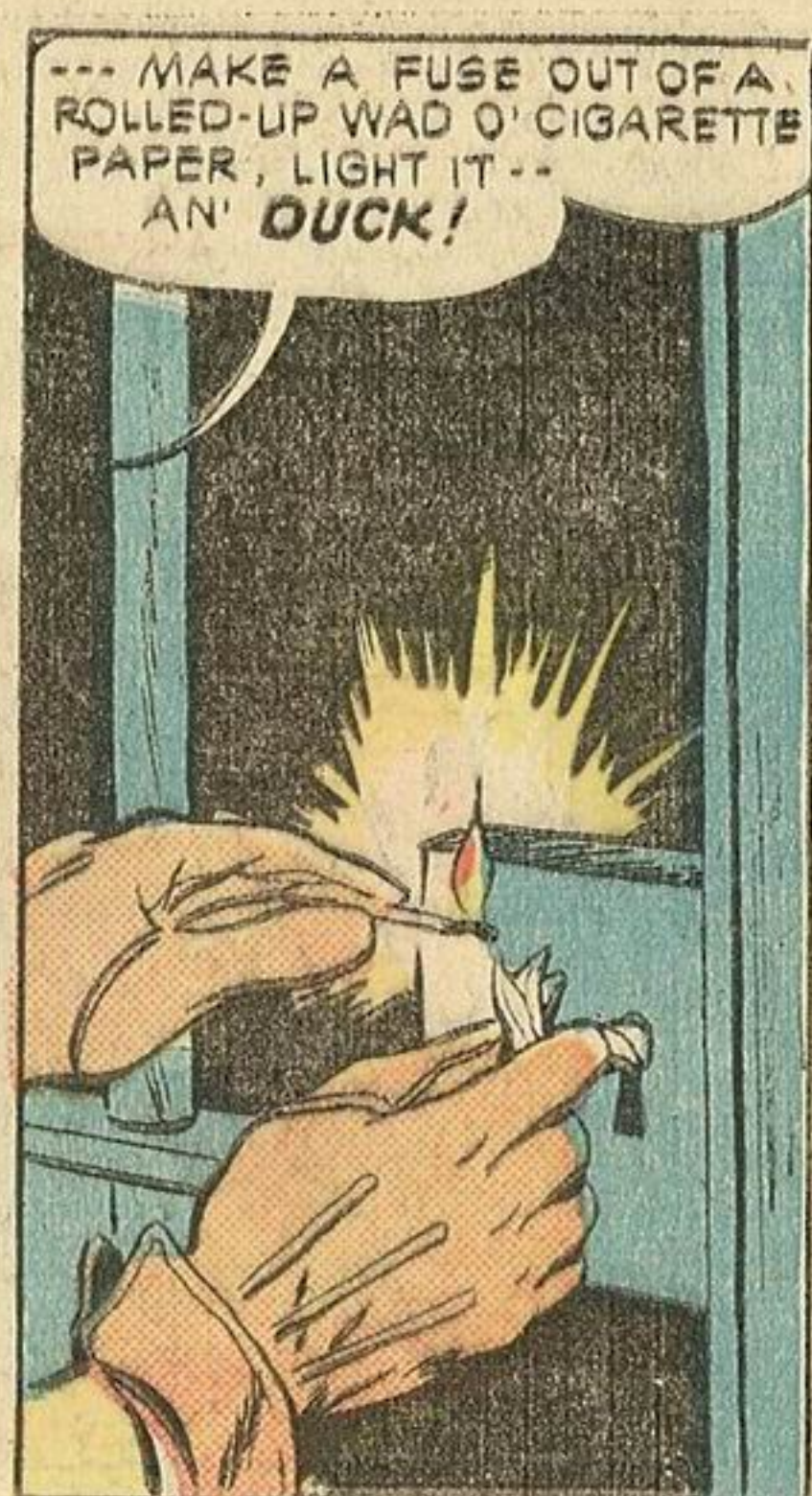


AS FLASH'S ACUTE EARS  
PICK UP THE WHISTLED  
SIGNAL, HE SENSES HIS  
MASTER'S DANGER--  
AND IS OFF!



SOON... GOOD BOY, FLASH-- I KNEW YUH'D  
FIND ME IF I KEPT BLOWIN' THAT  
WHISTLE TUH LEAD YUH HERE! NOW GIT  
ME THAT CARTRIDGE BELT HANGIN' ON  
THE WALL-- **GIT THE CARTRIDGE  
BELT, BOY!**













JUST THEN...

OH-OH-- HERE  
COME THE  
TOWNSMEN--  
OUT FER  
BLOOD-- MY  
BLOOD!

GIT THAT FRASER COYOTE!

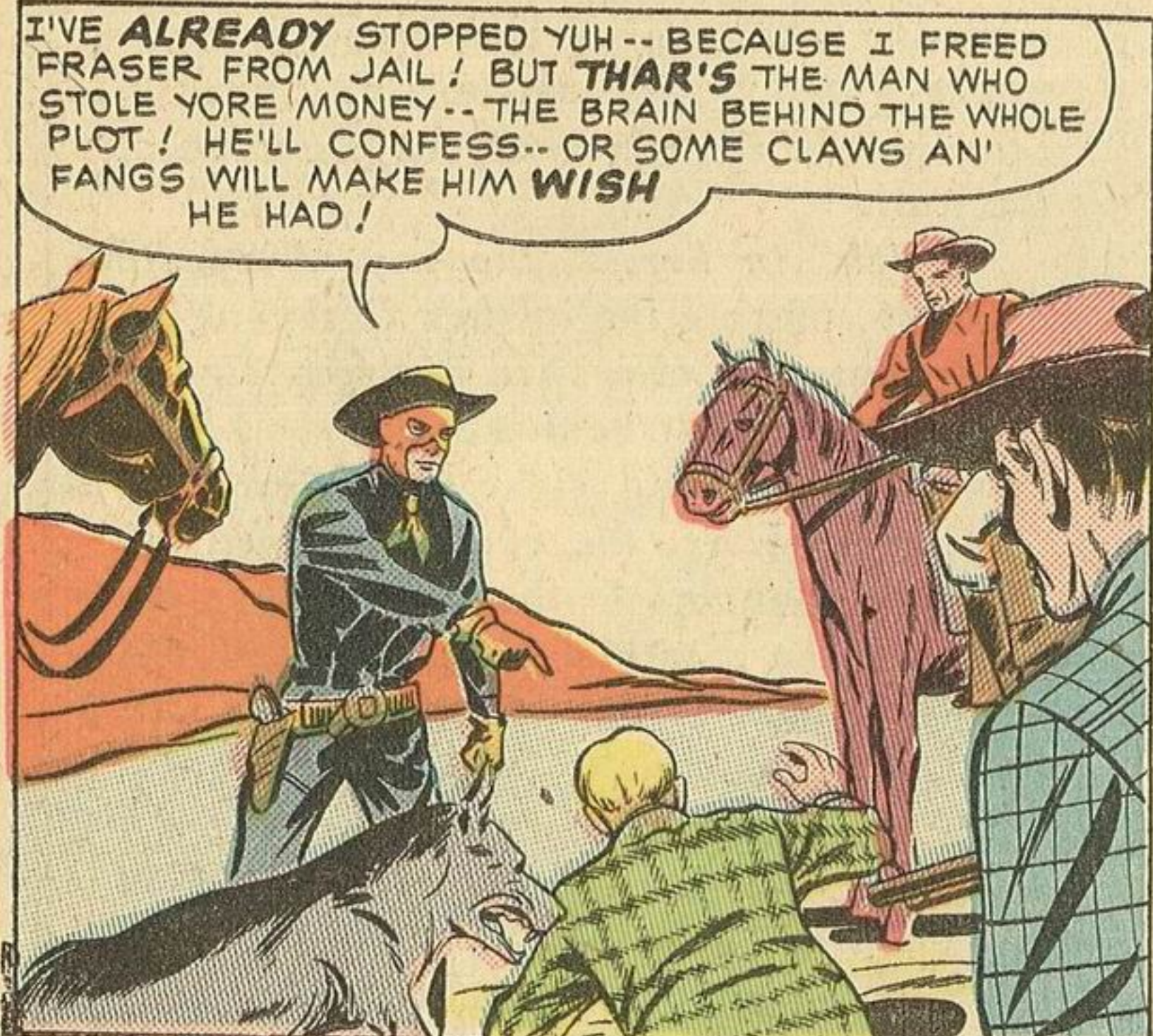
YEAH-- BEAT  
'IM TILL HE  
CONFESSES  
HE TRICKED  
US!



THE  
HOODED  
HORSE-  
MAN!

SIMMER  
DOWN,  
GENTS--  
BUD  
FRASER'S  
NOT TUH  
BLAME  
FER...

OUT OF OUR WAY, HORSE-  
MAN! THAT FRASER  
SKUNK MADE US SINK  
EVERY PENNY WE HAD  
INTUH THE GROTTA HILL  
CAVE BY SAYIN' HE  
FOUND AZTEC GOLD  
THAR-- BUT IT'S AS  
EMPTY AS IT EVER  
WAS! NOT EVEN YUH  
KIN KEEP US FROM  
GITTIN' REVENGE  
ON 'IM!



I'VE **ALREADY** STOPPED YUH-- BECAUSE I FREED  
FRASER FROM JAIL! BUT **THAR'S** THE MAN WHO  
STOLE YORE MONEY-- THE BRAIN BEHIND THE WHOLE  
PLOT! HE'LL CONFESS-- OR SOME CLAWS AN'  
FANGS WILL MAKE HIM **WISH**  
HE HAD!



HELP -- CALL THIS MAN-EATER OFF, HORSEMAN!  
I'LL CONFESS-- HOW HAWK MASTERS AND I  
PLOTTED TO SWINDLE THE TOWN OUT OF ALL  
ITS MONEY IF WE EVER FOUND ANY OF  
THOSE AZTEC GOLD COINS!

GARGHHH!



LATER...

WAL, WE GOT **ALL**  
OUR MONEY BACK  
FROM THORNTON--  
THANKS TO YUH,  
HORSEMAN!

THAT'S NOT ALL YUH'RE GONNA HAVE! I'LL SHOW  
YUH WHAR THAT AZTEC GOLD WAS FOUND OUT IN  
THE DESERT -- AN' YUH KIN ALL DIVIDE THE  
REST OF IT AMONG YORESELVES! AS FER ME,  
I'VE BEEN PAID ENOUGH BY SEEIN'  
**JUSTICE TRIUMPH!**



THE **HOODED HORSEMAN'S** SLASHING  
FISTS AND BLAZING GUNS BATTLE FOR  
THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE IN **ANOTHER**  
EPIC OF THE OLD WEST... IN THE  
**NEXT ISSUE!**  
**WATCH FOR IT!**

the  
**END**



# Robbin' Hood

**C**RAK! CRAK!  
Two rifle shots zipped past Jim Hood's ears, and he leaned lower over his horse's neck, raking the tired stallion's flanks with his spurs. The galloping horse strained mightily to increase its speed, but couldn't do it...and Jim knew he was as good as caught.

Turning in the saddle, Jim cast a quick glance behind him and saw that the posse had closed the gap to about two hundred yards. Their horses were fresher, he thought. They'd be catching up to him in a few minutes, if he wasn't shot from the saddle before then.

A bitter hopelessness welled up in Jim's throat. So this was the end. After all the years of fleeing from posses, the famed Robbin' Hood of the West had reached the end of his rope.

Jim could remember only too well how it all started. He'd been a young, ignorant galoot when he first came west to seek his fortune...just the kind of person a killer would pick to frame a murder on. And not only had Jim been framed for a crime he hadn't committed...but he'd been tried, convicted, and condemned to hang as well.

It was then that Jim had determined to become the Robin Hood of the West, avenging himself on those who were responsible for the evils and injustices in the land. With the desperate fury of one who had nothing to lose, he broke out of jail, killed the murderer who had framed him...and escaped.

The years that followed had seen the birth and development of the Robbin' Hood legend...until Jim Hood's name was known from the Rio Grande to Northern Montana. And it was a name that struck terror into the hearts of all those criminals who operated within the law, who used their banking or gambling or ranching activities to rob from the poor, and then used their ill-gotten proceeds to bribe crooked lawmen not to prosecute them. And it was

from those men that Jim Hood stole, giving the money to the poor and to the victims of injustice...as Robin Hood had done in the days of old.

But now this modern-day Robbin' Hood was about to be caught. Nothing but a miracle could save him from the posse hot on his heels, Jim knew. His rapidly tiring horse thundered around a bend in the mountain trail, and it was there that Jim decided to make his stand. He pulled the stallion up sharply, unlimbered his guns, turned to face the direction from which the posse would be coming...and saw the boy standing in the shrubbery at the side of the trail.

"Quick...in here!" the boy whispered urgently, parting the bushes to reveal the hidden entrance of a cave in the mountain-side. Jim didn't hesitate a moment, but spurred his horse right into the cave.

Moments later, the posse galloped by, not even glancing at the hidden cave entrance. Jim breathed a sigh of relief and turned to look at the 17-year-old boy who was staring up at him in hero-worship.

"Yuh're Robbin' Hood," the boy said in awe. "I recognized yuh from yore pictures on the wanted posters. I've always wanted tuh be jest like yuh...lemme ride with yuh an' help yuh!"

Jim hesitated only a moment. Pointing his gun at the boy, he snarled, "Thanks fer helpin' me, sucker! An' now...lemme have all the money yuh have on yuh!"

The boy gazed at him in utter disbelief. "Yuh...yuh're *kiddin'*...Robbin' Hood only steals from badmen...OWWW!"

The boy staggered back under the impact of the vicious blow...and moments later, Jim rode out of the cave with the boy's wallet in his hands. When Jim heard the boy's sobbing curses and threats of revenge behind him, he knew that the youth would be riding *with* the posses in the future...and that Jim had saved him from a life of crime.



# The BANTAM BUCKAROO



THERE WERE ONLY THREE HOMBRES IN THE COUNTY NEARLY AS TOUGH AS COPPERHEAD DALY...AND THEY WERE HIS ACCOMPLICES! TOGETHER, THEY MANAGED TO KEEP THE BANKS EMPTY AND THE HOSPITALS FILLED...UNTIL THE DARK AND DIGASTROUS DAY WHEN THEY LOCKED HORNS WITH

*The* BANTAM BUCKAROO!

AT THE HARNEY RANCH...

THIS HERE'S THE LAST O' THOSE SIX BAGS O' FEED YUH TOLD ME TUH TOTE FROM THE BUCKBOARD, MIKE!

LOBO...YUH'RE PURTY NEAR AS USEFUL AS I WAS AT YORE AGE! DID YUH GIT THE HOSSES WATERED?



YEP! AN' I ROUNDED UP FIFTY HEAD O' YOUNG STOCK... AN' SHELL'D A BUSHEL O' CHICKEN CORN WHEN I GOT BACK!

RECKON YUH'VE EARNED THIS HERE BUCK, LOBO! NOW...MOSEY INTUH TOWN AN' OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT!

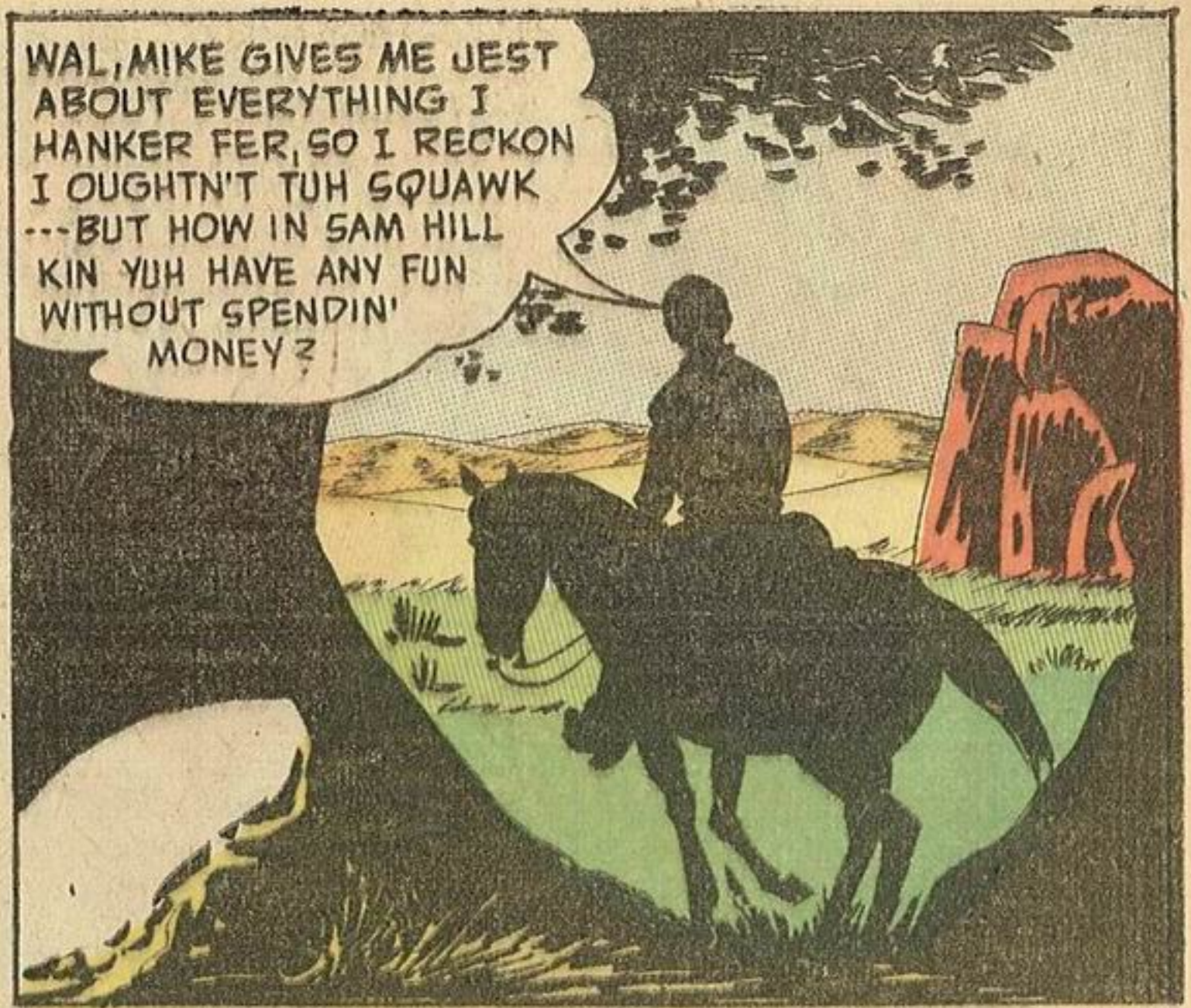




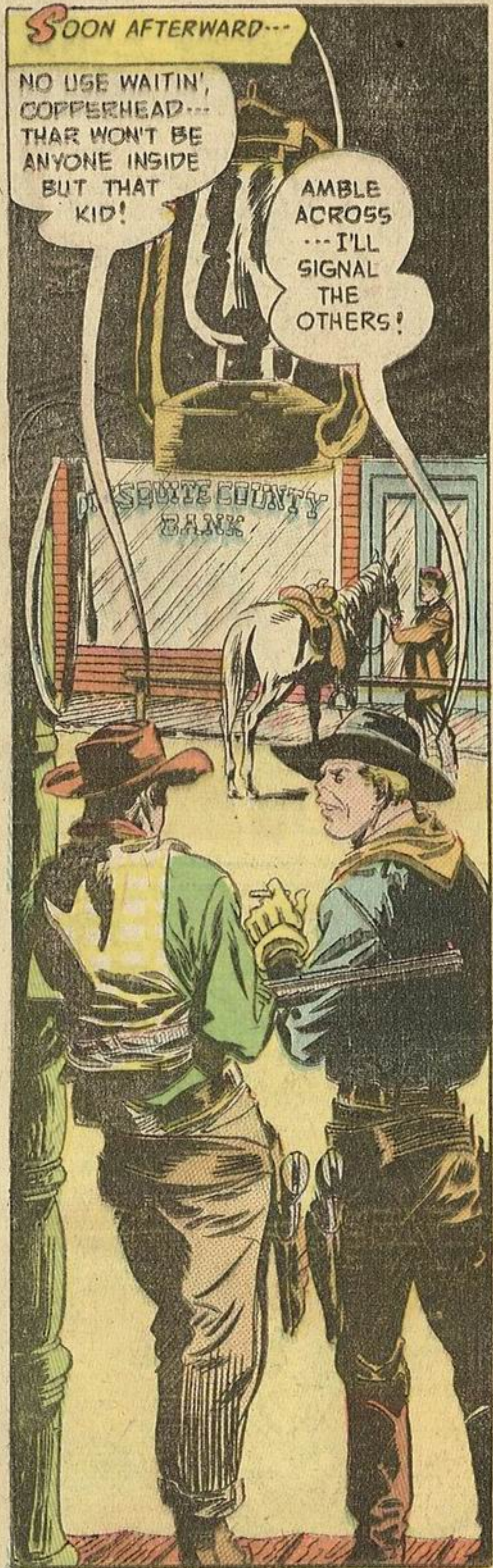


CRIMPERS, MIKE --- I FIGGERED TUH **SPEND** THAT DOLLAR! BESIDES --- I'LL FEEL PLUMB FOOLISH DEPOSITIN' A MEASLY ONE-SPOT!

THAR'S NO TELLIN', LOBO --- MEBBE YUH KIN PICK UP SOME CHANGE ON THE WAY! GIT GOIN' --- AN' I'LL BE WAITIN' TUH SEE THAT BANK BOOK, SAVVY?



WAL, MIKE GIVES ME JEST ABOUT EVERYTHING I HANKER FER, SO I RECKON I OUGHTN'T TUH SQUAWK --- BUT HOW IN SAM HILL KIN YUH HAVE ANY FUN WITHOUT SPENDIN' MONEY?



**S**OON AFTERWARD---

NO USE WAITIN', COPPERHEAD --- THAR WON'T BE ANYONE INSIDE BUT THAT KID!

AMBLE ACROSS --- I'LL SIGNAL THE OTHERS!



**A** MOMENT LATER---

UNLOCK THEM CASH DRAWERS, HOMBRE---

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS --- THAT'S COPPERHEAD DALY!

AN' THEN REACH!

BANG!



YUH LOW-SLUNG POLECATS AREN'T GITTIN' MY DOLLAR!

**BONK!**



I'M GOIN' TUH SHOVE THAT MEDDLIN' KID'S FACE CLEAR BACK TUH HIS HAIR-LINE! GIT HIM, STRETCH!

BANG!



**A**S STRETCH STOOPS UNDER THE TABLE---

**BLAM!**





SMALL FRY-- DO YUH  
SAVVY WHAT IT **MEANS**  
TUH GIT ORNERY WITH  
**COPPERHEAD**  
**DALY?**

**CRASH!**



I'M NOT PLUGGIN'  
YUH **YET**...UNTIL  
MUH ARM GITS  
TIRED!

SIMMER DOWN, **COPPERHEAD**--  
WE'VE GOT THE **DINERO**! LET'S  
RAISE DUST--BEFORE THE  
LAW GITS HERE!

**WAK!**



**AS** THE OUTLAWS GALLOP OFF...

CRIMPERS...THAT INK DRIPPED  
FROM **COPPERHEAD'S** SOMBRERO  
---AN' THAR MUST BE **PLENTY**  
LEFT IN THE BRIM! WAL, I  
WASN'T **EXPECTIN'**  
FUN--- **BUT HERE'S**  
MUH CHANCE TUH  
TRAIL THOSE  
SIDEWINDERS!



**SEVERAL MILES FROM TOWN**...

WHOA UP, BRONG! THE INK  
SPOTS LEAD DOWN INTUH  
THAT GULLY---AN' IT'S  
A SHORE BET **THAT'S**  
WHAR THEY'RE HOLIN'  
IN!



WISH NOW I'D  
WAITED---JEST  
LONG ENOUGH  
TUH LARRUP  
THE TAR OUT  
O' THAT  
YEARLIN'!

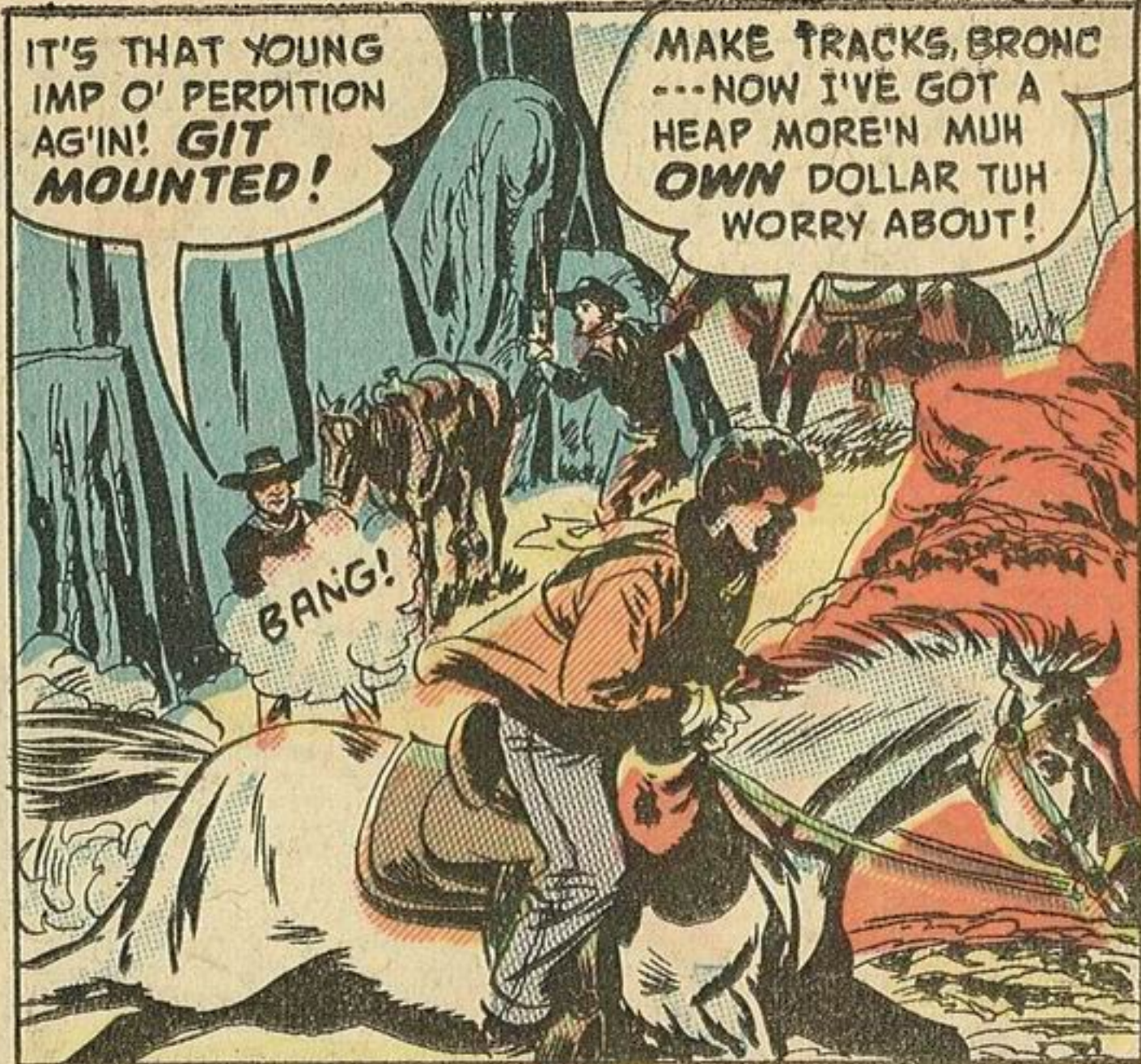
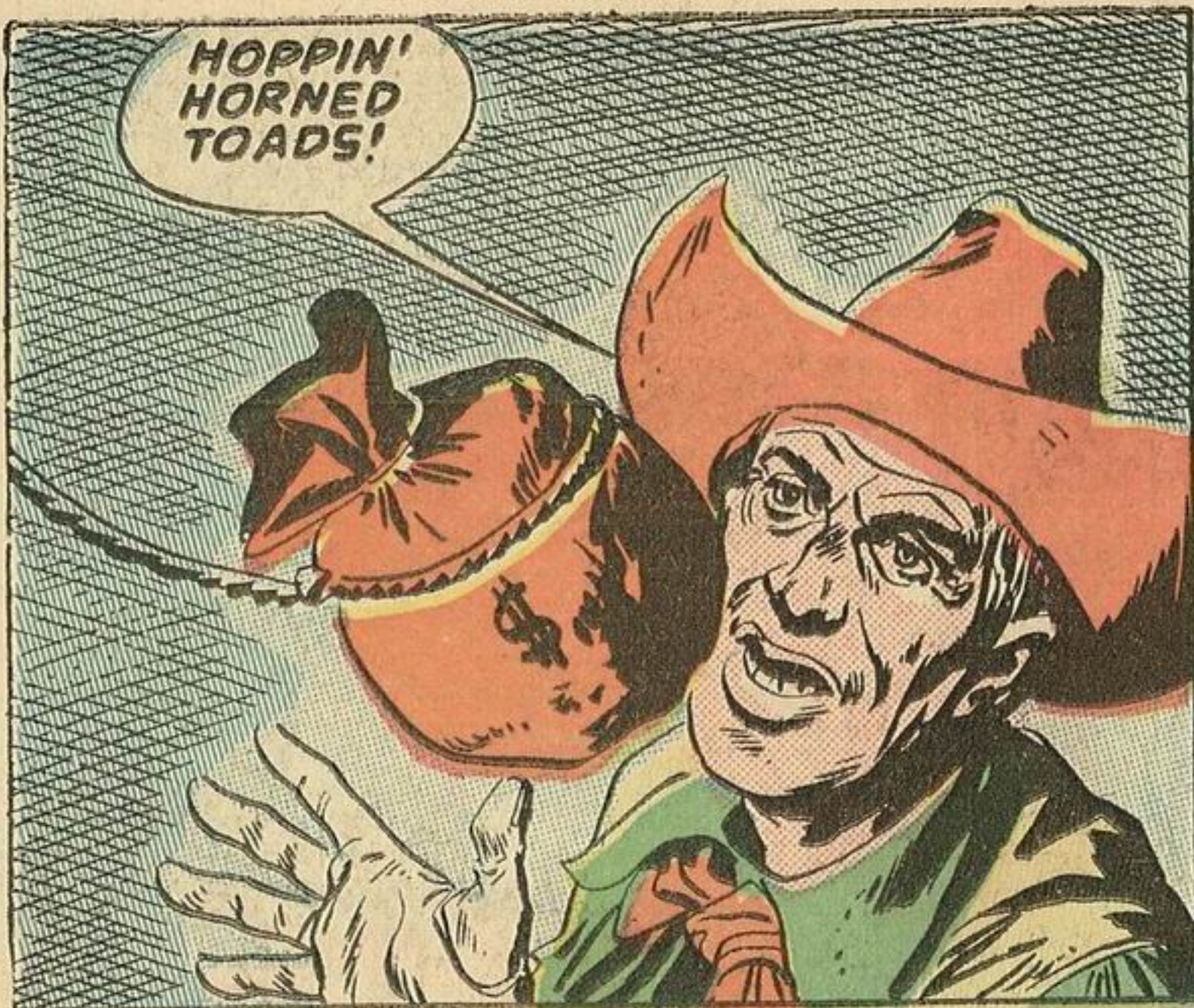
WHAT'S THE USE O'  
GROUSIN' ABOUT A  
PESKY SOMBRERO,  
**COPPERHEAD**? LET'S  
GIT THE **DINERO**  
COUNTED!



**AT** THAT INSTANT...

GITTIN' FOUR TOUGH  
HOMBRES LIKE **THEM**  
CORRALED WOULD BE  
PURTY RUGGED, EVEN  
FER **ME**...BUT SOME-  
THIN' TELLS ME THEY  
WON'T GIT TUH  
COUNT THAT  
MONEY!





**S**OON AFTERWARD... WITH THE OUTLAWS  
IN CLOSE PURSUIT...

I'M PURTY SHORE I KIN OUT-  
DISTANCE THOSE BUZZARDS...  
BUT I MIGHT AS WELL HIDE  
THE MONEY **HERE** --- AN' ---  
GIVE MUH BRONC FIVE  
POUNDS LESS TUH  
CARRY!



**A** MOMENT LATER...

CRIMPERS... I FIXED  
MUHSELF **GOOD!**  
THAR'S ONLY ONE  
WAY OUT O' HERE  
--- AN' THAT'S THE  
WAY **THEY'RE**  
COMIN'!



I'VE GOT AN IDEE  
--- AN' MEBBE IT'S  
JEST LOCO ENOUGH  
TUH DO SOME  
GOOD!



NOW THAT IT'S READY... THAR'S  
JEST ONE THING BIG ENOUGH  
TUH SHOOT FROM A KING-  
SIZED BOW LIKE THIS'N  
--- **MUHSELF!**



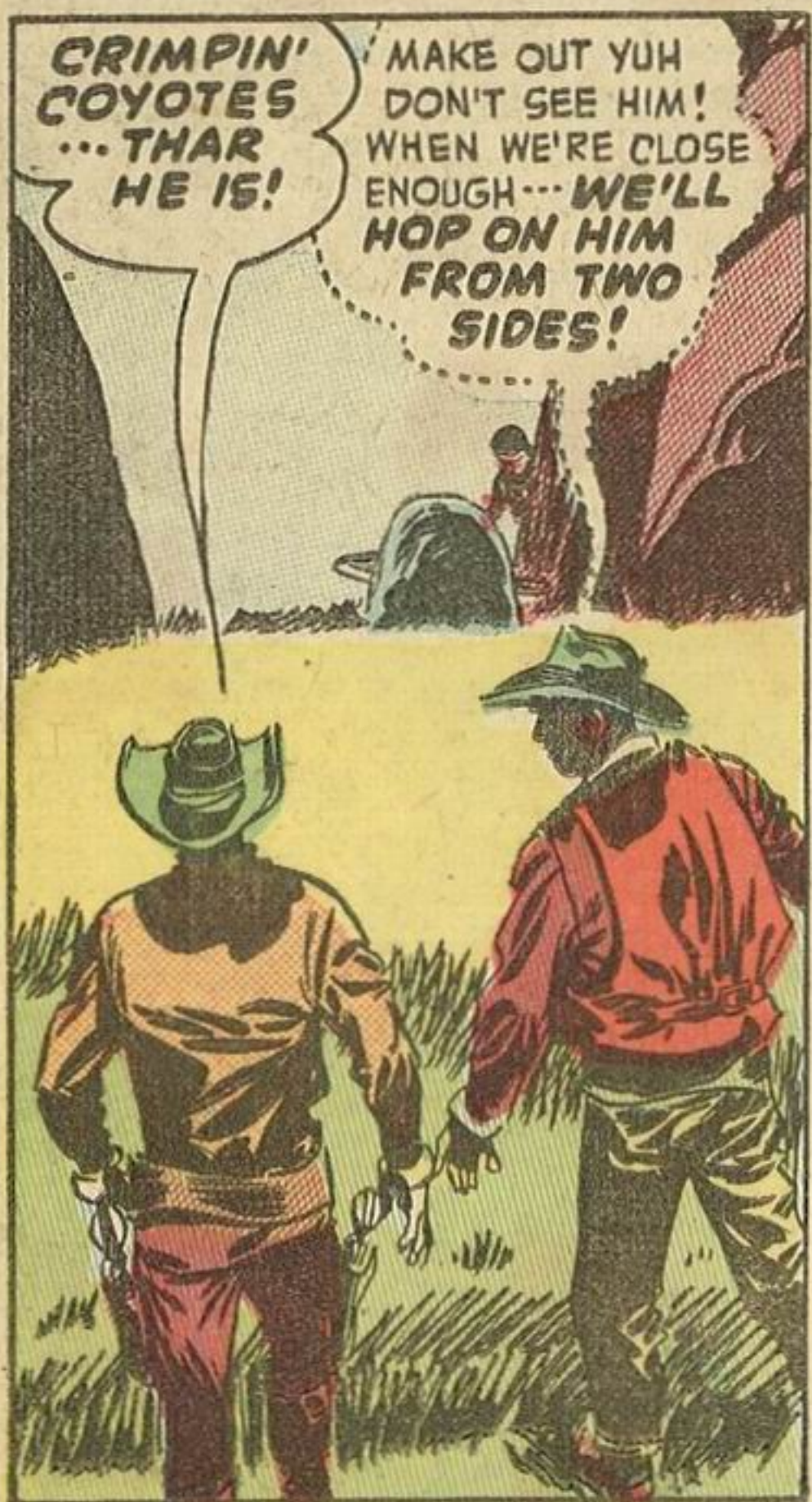
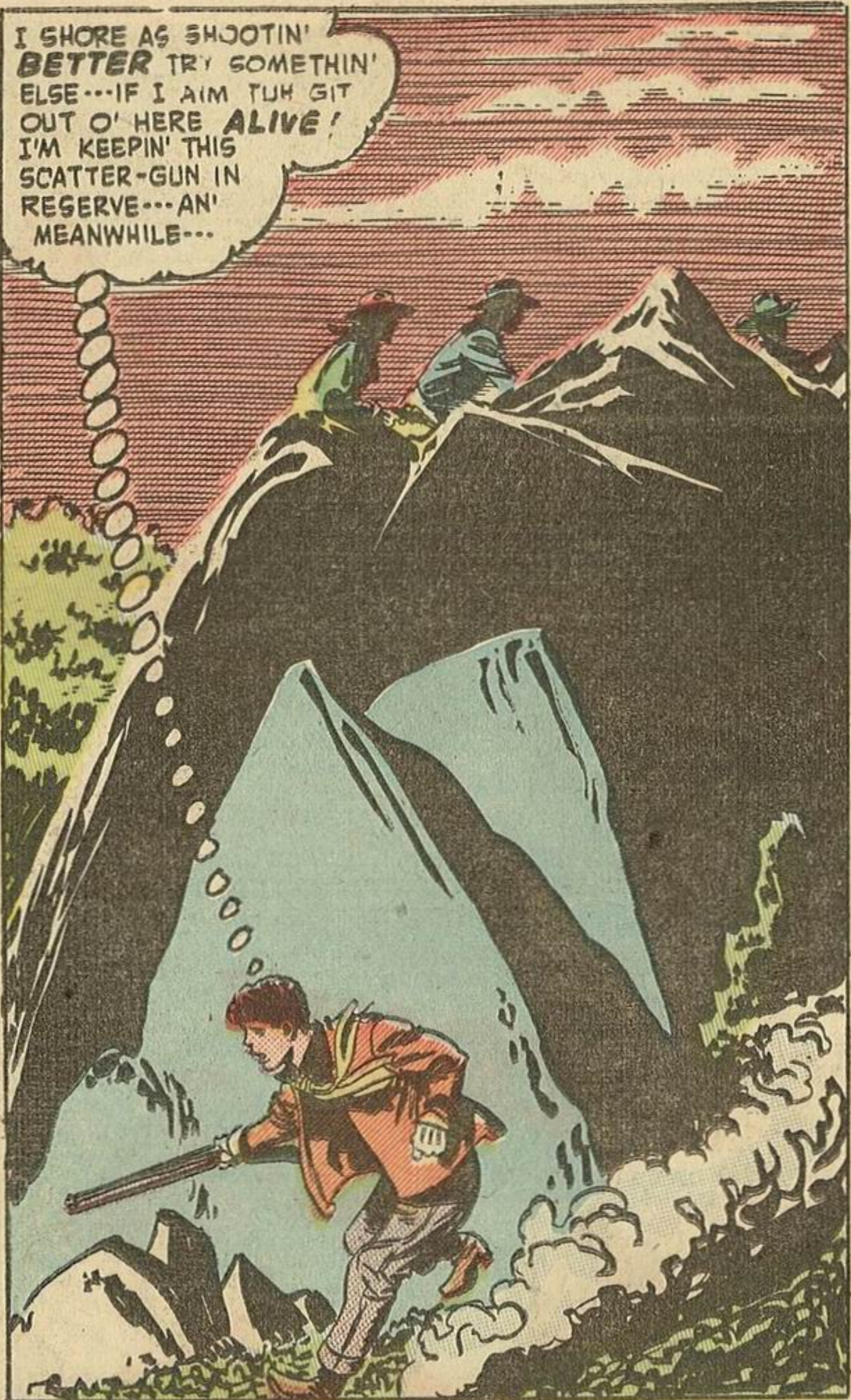
WHOA, BRONC... THAT'S  
AS FAR AS SHE'LL BEND!  
JEST STAND THAR AN'  
LEAVE THE REST TUH  
ME --- **I KIN HEAR**  
**'EM COMIN'!**













HE SHORE PUT  
THE KIBOSH ON  
THEM TWO,  
COPPERHEAD!  
WHAT'S MORE  
---I'VE GOT  
AN IDEE HE'S  
SAVIN' THAT  
DOUBLE LOAD  
O' BUCKSHOT  
FER US!

THAT PEANUT  
COULDN'T FIRE A  
SHOTGUN WITHOUT  
THE RECOIL BLOWIN'  
HIM INTUH THE MIDDLE  
O' NEXT WEEK... AN'  
I RECKON HE **KNOWS**  
IT! VAMOOSE... I'M  
ITCHIN' TUH SKIN  
HIM ALIVE BY  
INCHES!

THAR'S A  
FOOTPRINT,  
STRETCH...  
WE'RE  
GITTIN'  
CLOSE!

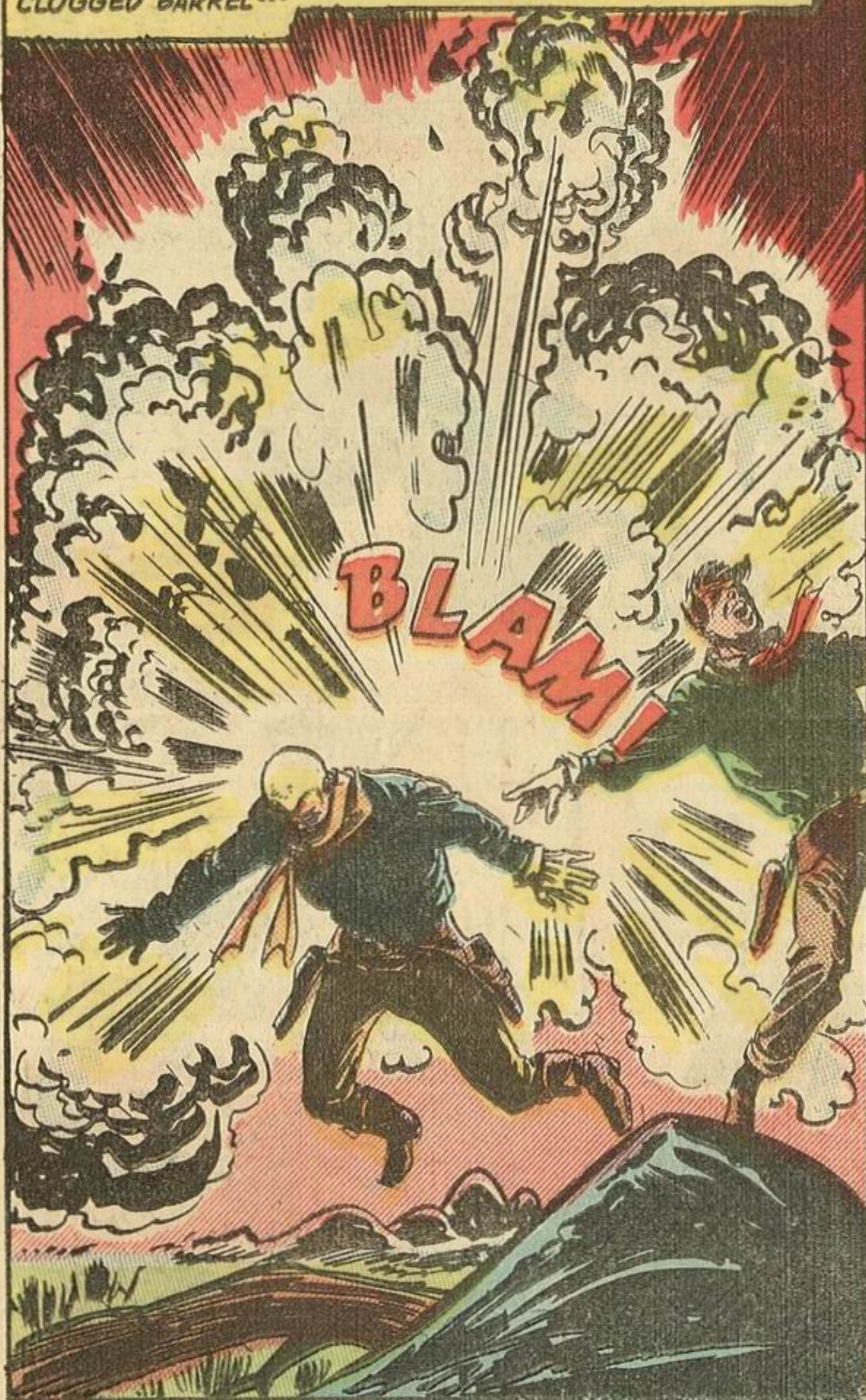
I PROMISED  
MIKE I'D NEVER  
AIM A SHOOTIN'  
IRON AT ANYONE  
---BUT HE NEVER  
SAID A PEEP ABOUT  
**FIRIN'**  
ONE!

WAIT UP, COPPERHEAD  
---THAR'S THE  
SCATTER-GUN!

I **FIGGERED** IT'D  
GIT TOO HEAVY FER  
THAT HALF-PINT! LET'S  
GIT IT... THEN WE'LL  
BE **SHORE** O'  
BAGGIN' HIM!



**I**N THE NEXT INSTANT... AS THE DISCHARGE EXPLODES THE  
CLOGGED BARREL...



**M**INUTES LATER...

I AIM TUH MEET UP  
WITH YUH AG'IN, RUNT  
---AN' WHEN I **DO**...  
DON'T EXPECT TUH  
PULL ANY MORE O'  
YORE PESKY  
TRICKS!

RECKON I WON'T HAVE  
TUH, COPPERHEAD! BY  
THE TIME YUH GIT  
OUT O' JAIL... I'LL  
BE OLD ENOUGH  
TUH PULL  
**IRON!**



**B**ACK AT THE HARNEY RANCH...

LOBO, I **KNOW** YUH  
LEFT HERE WITH A  
DOLLAR... BUT WHAR  
IN TARNATION DID  
THIS EXTRY FIVE  
HUNDRED COME  
FROM?

THAT'S THE **CHANGE**  
YUH FIGGERED I MIGHT  
PICK UP ON MUH WAY  
INTUH TOWN, MIKE!  
WOULDN'T YUH EX-  
PECT A REWARD...  
IF YUH ROUNDED  
UP A PASSEL O'  
BANK ROBBERS?



**T**HE BANTAM BUCKAROO IS LINED  
UP FOR ANOTHER RIPSORTING ADVENTURE...  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END 7



# BADMEN of the WEST

ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS BADMEN OF THE WEST IN THE 1860'S WAS **HENRY PLUMMER**, LEADER OF A BAND OF OUT-LAWS KNOWN AS "**THE INNOCENTS**". BY DAY, THE GANGMEN MOVED ABOUT AS PEACEFUL CITIZENS, PROTECTED BY THEIR LEADER--WHO WAS **SHERIFF OF VIRGINIA CITY!**



**B**UT AT NIGHT, "SHERIFF" HENRY PLUMMER AND HIS BAND OF "INNOCENTS" ROBBED AND KILLED!

HOWDY, SHERIFF,  
WHAT KIN I DO  
FER YUH---  
**AARGHH!**

YUH KIN **DIE!**  
---OKAY, BOYS, GIT  
ALL THE GOLD IN  
HIS SHACK!



**W**ITHOUT A REAL SHERIFF TO DEFEND LAW AND ORDER, THE TOWNSMEN WERE HELPLESS---UNTIL THEY BANDED TOGETHER AS "**VIGILANTES**", SWORN TO METE OUT JUSTICE TO THOSE WHO FLOUTED THE LAW!

AS LONG AS THAR'S NO LAW TUH' PROTECT US, **WE'VE** GOTTA BECOME THE LAW---WE'VE GOTTA BE **VIGILANT** IN DEFENSE OF OUR RIGHTS! AN' AS SOON AS WE HANG HENRY PLUMMER AN' HIS GANG O' KILLERS, WE'LL ELECT AN **HONEST SHERIFF!**

YEAH---  
**WE'RE THE  
VIGILANTES!**



**H**ENRY PLUMMER HEARD OF THE VIGILANTES' PLAN, AND DECIDED TO FLEE RATHER THAN FACE THEIR WRATH! BUT THE VIGILANTES MOVED TOO FAST FOR THE KILLER!

BLAST YUH, YUH'LL  
NEVER TAKE ME  
--- **OWWW!**

WE'LL TAKE  
YUH, ALL RIGHT  
---OUT TUH THE  
**GALLOWS!**



**T**HEN THE KILLER'S NERVE CRACKED! AFTER CONFESSING TO ALL HIS CRIMES, HE SOBBINGLY BEGGED FOR HIS LIFE!

PLEASE---JEST LEMME GO---AN' I PROMISE TUH LEAVE THE COUNTRY FER GOOD! HAVE A HEART, BOYS---I **BEG** OF YUH!

THE ROPE'S TIED  
---PULL THE  
**WAGON  
AWAY!**



**B**UT WHEN PLUMMER SAW HIS WORDS WERE HAVING NO EFFECT ON THE VENGEFUL VIGILANTES, HE DETERMINED TO GO OUT WITH A SHOW OF BRAVADO!

WAIT, BOYS! ONE LAST  
FAVOR---MAKE SURE YUH  
GIMME A **GOOD DROP!**

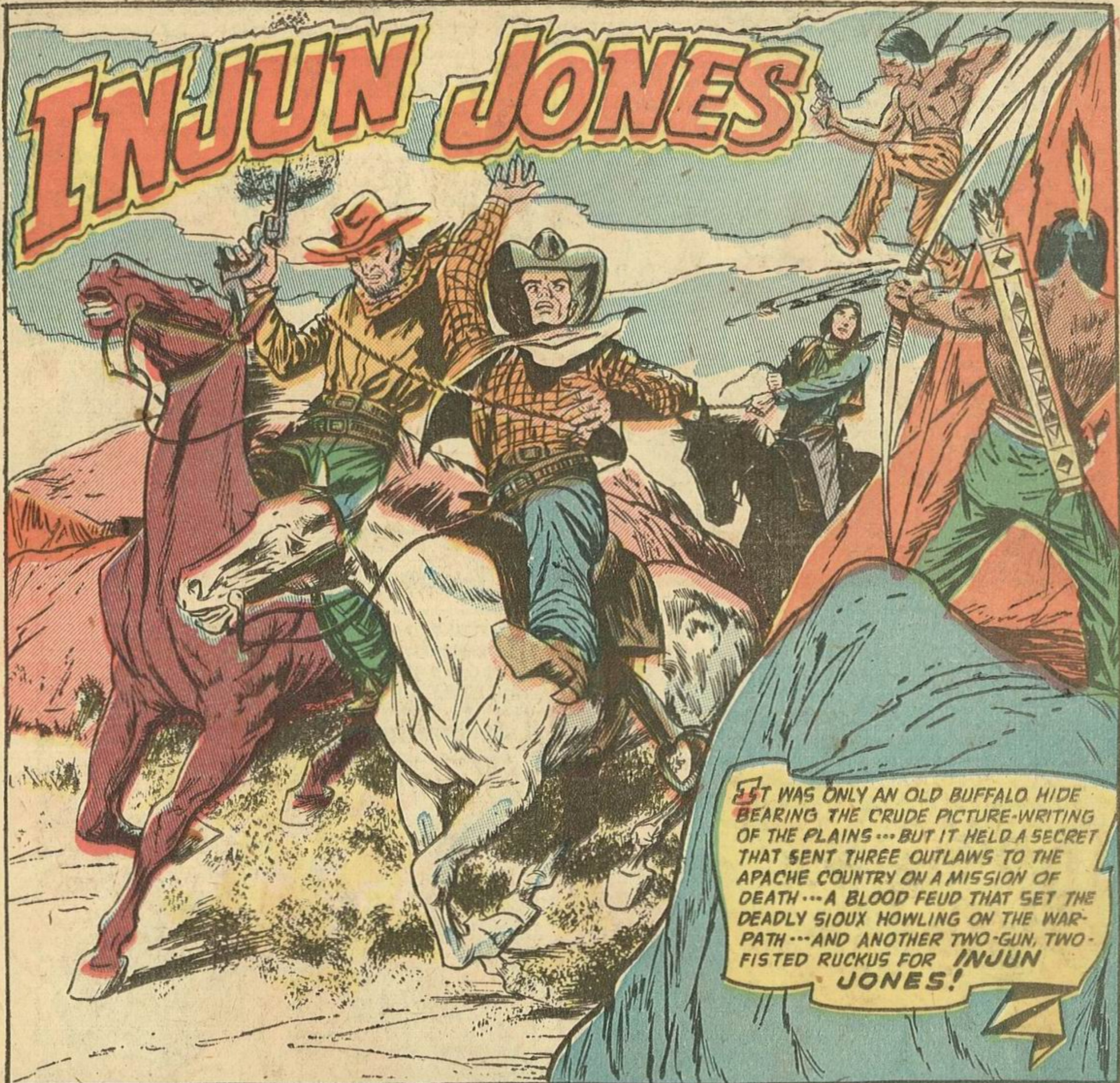


"SHERIFF" HENRY PLUMMER'S LAST WISH WAS GRANTED---AND THE WILD WEST WAS RID OF ONE OF ITS MOST NOTORIOUS BADMEN!





# INJUN JONES



IT WAS ONLY AN OLD BUFFALO HIDE BEARING THE CRUDE PICTURE-WRITING OF THE PLAINS... BUT IT HELD A SECRET THAT SENT THREE OUTLAWS TO THE APACHE COUNTRY ON A MISSION OF DEATH... A BLOOD FEUD THAT SET THE DEADLY SIOUX HOWLING ON THE WAR-PATH... AND ANOTHER TWO-GUN, TWO-FISTED RUCKUS FOR **INJUN JONES!**

**A** QUIET AFTERNOON COULD LEAD TO **ANYTHING** ON THE OLD FRONTIER... AND **THIS TIME...**

INJUN... I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH **SNUB DIXON** AGAIN!

WHAT'S WRONG, VICKIE? IF THAT LOW-DOWN HOSS THIEF INSULTED **YUH...** I'LL LARRUP HIM TUH WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE!

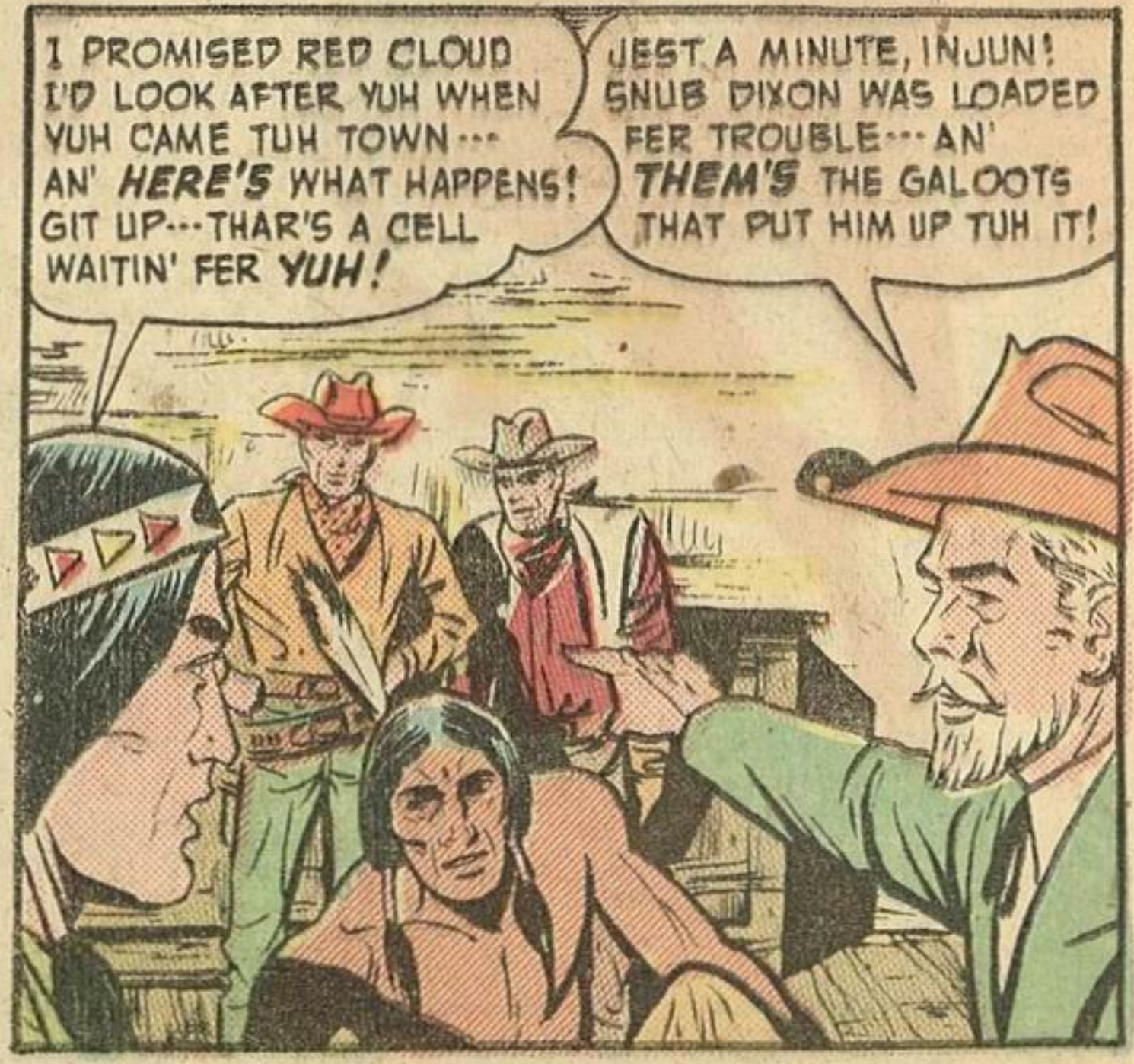
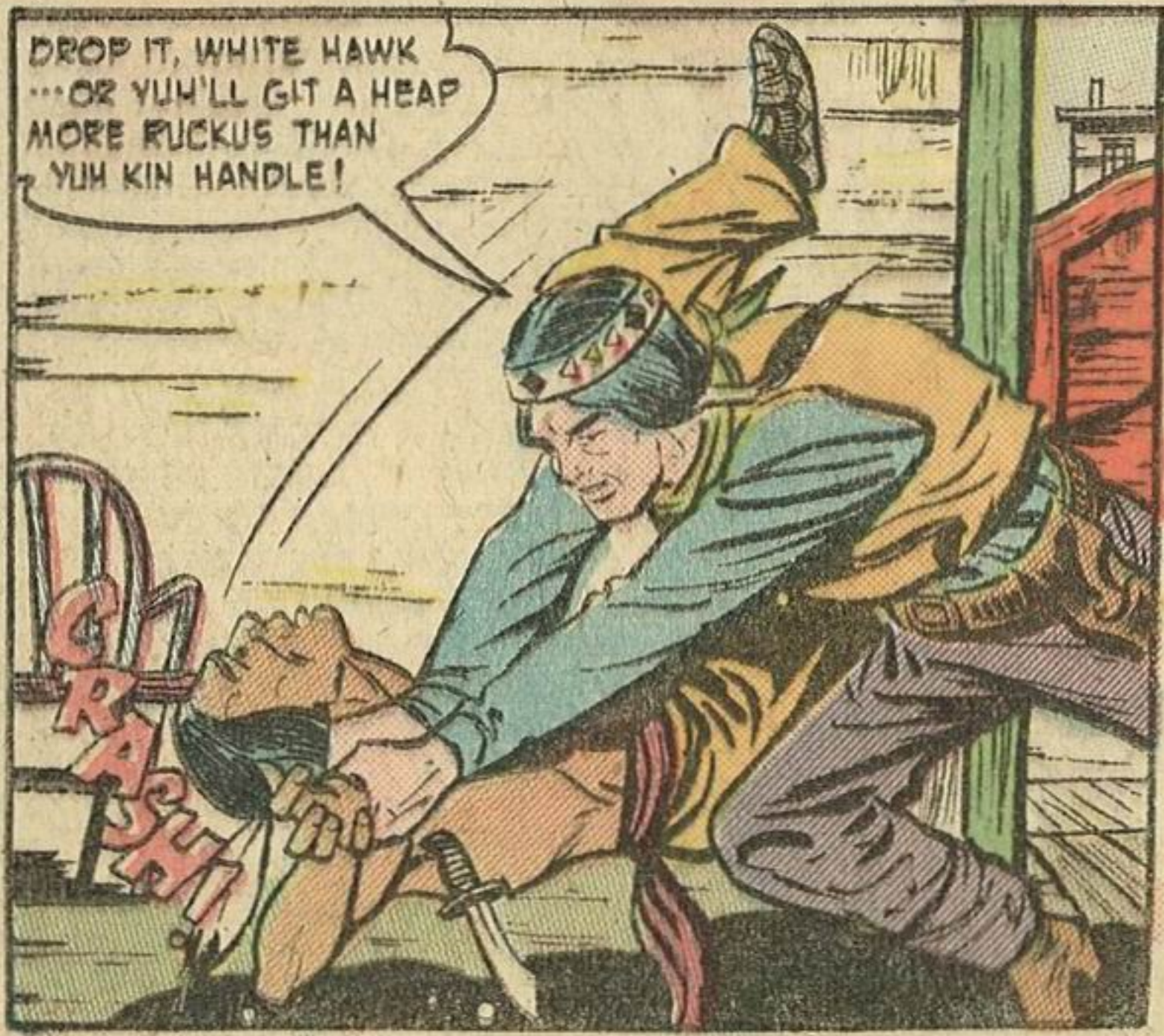
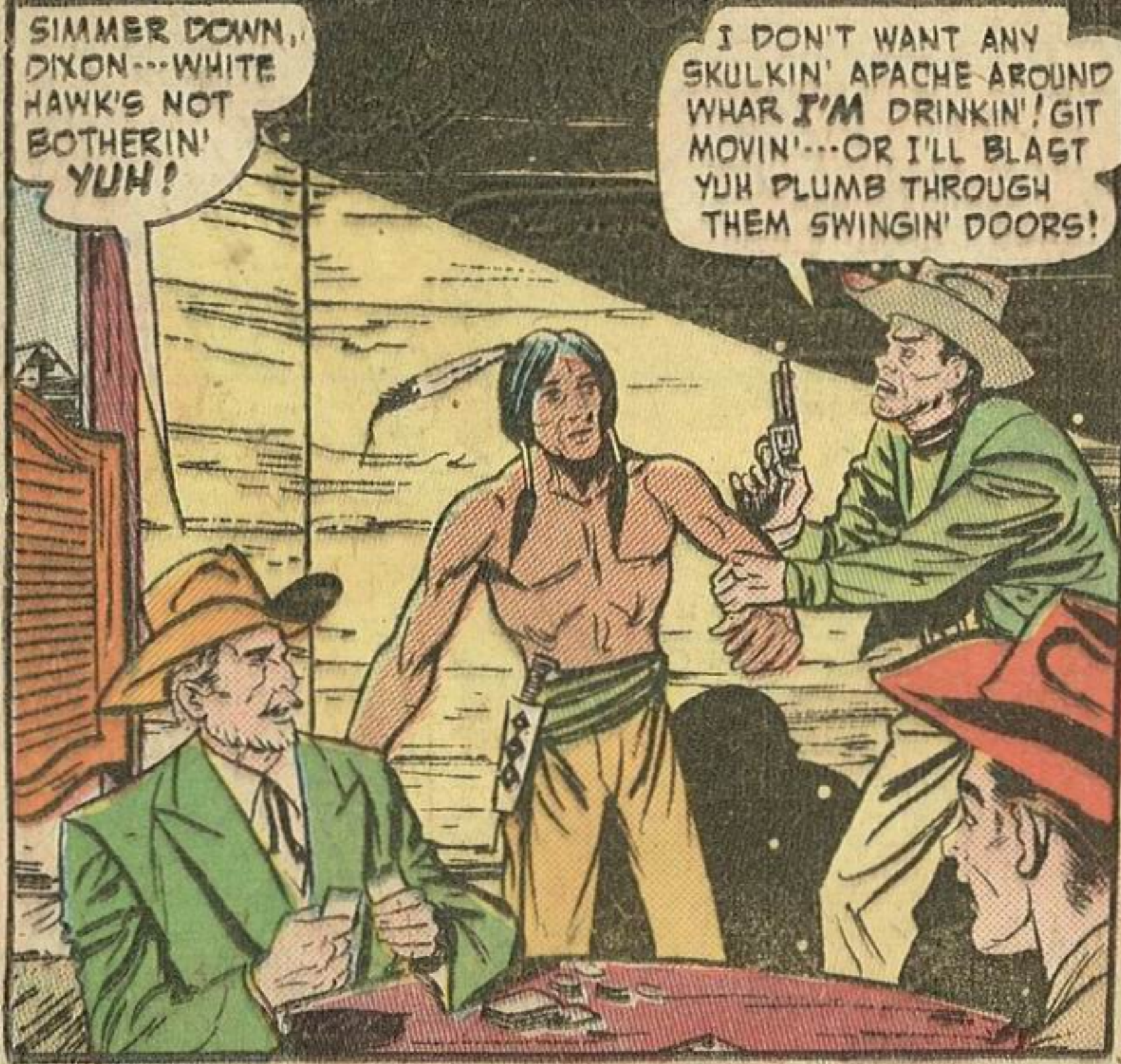
IT ISN'T **THAT...** BUT HE'S IN MIGHTY DANGEROUS COMPANY FOR A MAN WITH A DESPERATE REPUTATION LIKE **HIS!** THEY'RE THREE HARD-LOOKING STRANGERS, INJUN... AND THEY'VE BEEN PLYING DIXON WITH LIQUOR ALL MORNING!

**A**T THAT MOMENT... PARDNER... I'M GOIN' TUH CALL YUH ON THAT! I'VE PLUGGED MANY A REDSKIN... AN' I RECKON I KIN DO IT **AG'IN!**

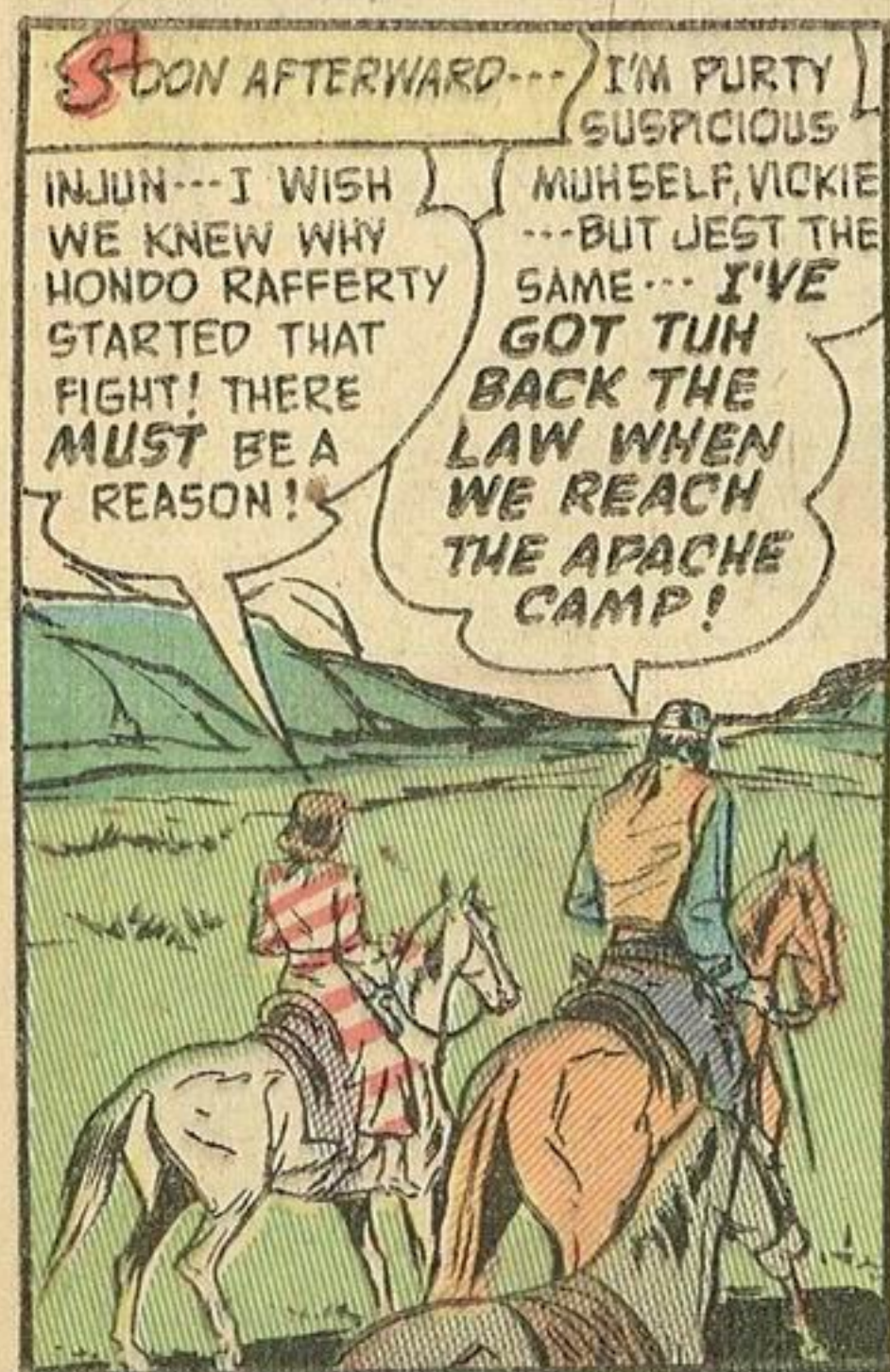
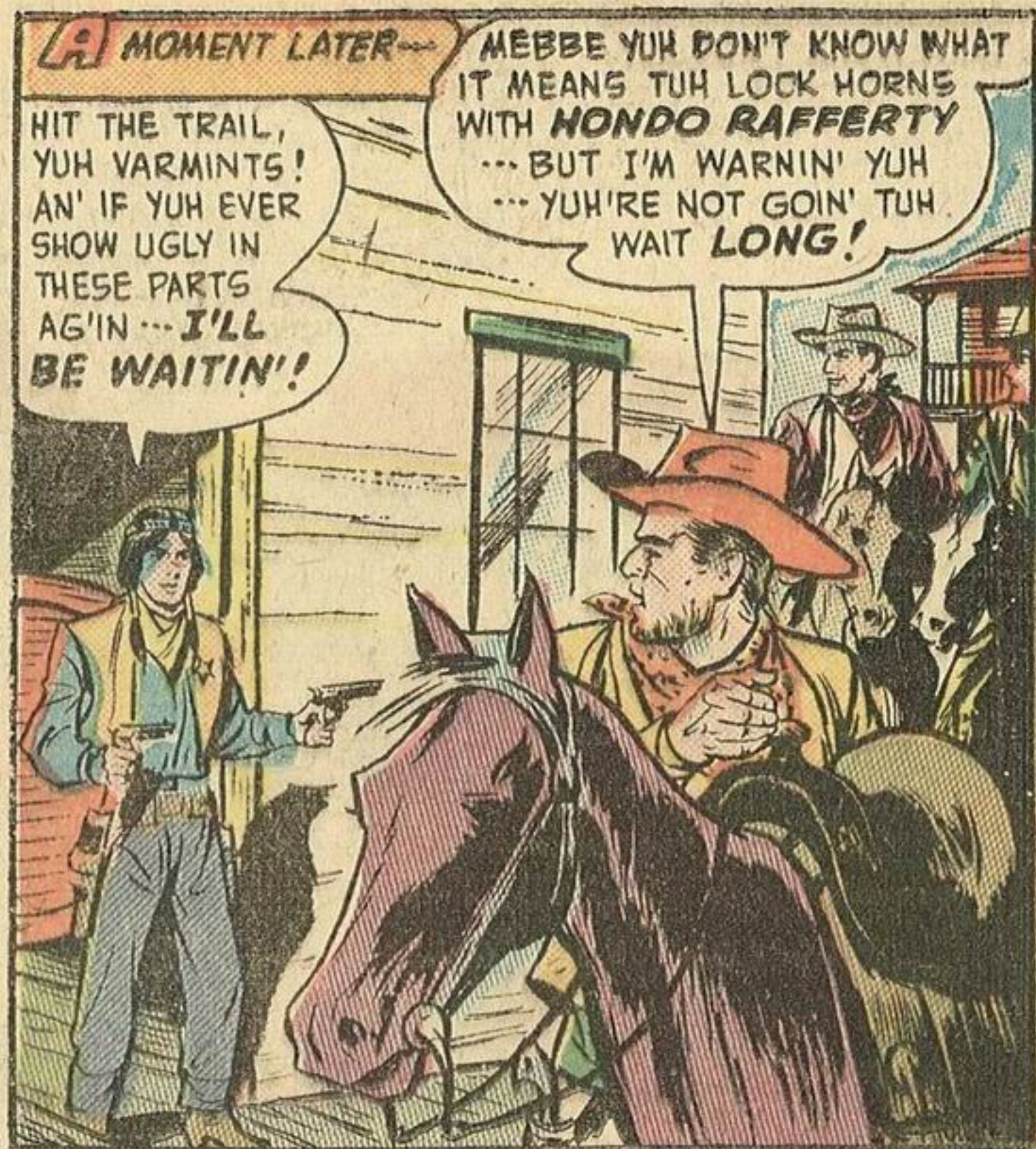
I **STILL** SAY THE APACHES IN THESE PARTS ARE GITTIN' AWAY WITH MURDER, DIXON... AN' IT'S BECAUSE HOMBRES LIKE **YUH** ARE AFRAID TUH TANGLE WITH 'EM!













**M**INUTES LATER...

I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS, INJUN... TO **FRIENDS!**

SHORE, THEY'RE HOPPIN' MAD ABOUT IT---AN' I FEEL LOWER'N A FLAP-JACK FER **HAVIN'** TUH DO IT! BUT IF I **DIDN'T**, THE SHERIFF WOULD SEND **OTHER** DEPUTIES AFTER THIS HARDWARE---AN' THAT'D MEAN A **FIGHT!**

**A**S INJUN AND VICKIE HEAD BACK TOWARD TOWN...

IT WORKED, HONDO... THAT PACK HOSS MUST BE TOTIN' CLOSE TUH A HUNDRED GUNS!

**NOW** WE'LL SEE WHAT THEM APACHES THINK O' INJUN JONES---AFTER WE GIT THROUGH WITH 'EM!... **VAMOOSE!**

**T**hen...WITH A SAVAGERY NO INDIAN COULD MATCH---

**YAA-HOO!**

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

THIS IS JEST TUH **WARN** YUH VARMINTS O' WHAT'LL HAPPEN--- IF ANY ARROWS START WHIZZIN' WHILE WE'RE SEARCHIN' THE CHIEF'S WIGWAM!

**I AM THE CHIEF---RED CLOUD---AND THIS LANCE WILL KNOW YOUR BLOOD!**

**B**EFORE RED CLOUD CAN STRIKE---

**DON'T GIT ME RILED, OL' TIMER!**

**CRACK!**

HERE IT IS, HONDO---THAT BUFFALO HIDE THE SIOUX SENT US TUH GIT!

WHAT A LAUGH! THAR'S SOMETHIN' WORTH **TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS**---AN' THEY THINK WE'RE TURNIN' IT OVER TUH **THEM!**

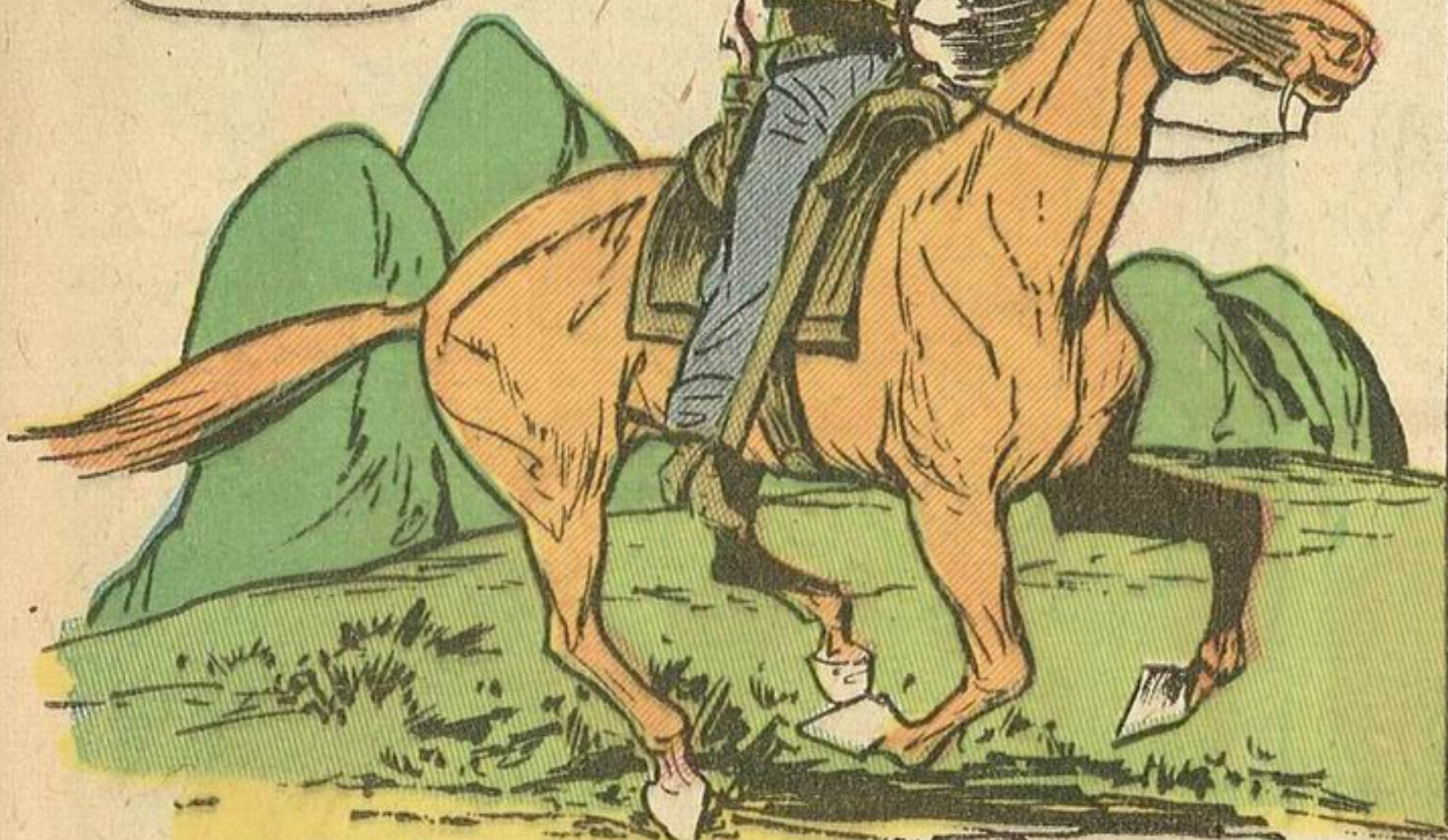
**M**INUTES LATER...ALONG THE TRAIL...

ARE YOU **SURE** THAT'S THE APACHE DISTRESS SIGNAL, INJUN?

YEP---AN' IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHIN' TRIFLIN'! BETTER WAIT HERE, VICKIE---WHILE I SEE WHAT'S WRONG!



NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT...THEY'S  
**SHOO** HOOF PRINTS LEADIN'  
FROM THE APACHE CAMP!  
THAT MEANS THE RIDERS  
WERE WHITE MEN...AN'  
IT DOESN'T LOOK  
GOOD!



HOPPIN' HORNED  
TOADS...WHO  
JUMPED YUH,  
RED CLOUD?

PALEFACES!  
PALEFACES  
WITH **GUNS**,  
INJUN  
JONES!



FOUR OF OUR BRAVES ARE DEAD  
...BRAVES WHO TAUGHT **YOU**  
THE SECRETS OF THE WARPATH!  
**THEN** THEY HAD GUNS...BUT  
**TODAY** THEY FACED HONDO  
RAFFERTY WITH **LANCES**!

**HONDO RAFFERTY!**  
GIT OFF YORE  
HIGH HOSS, RED  
CLOUD...**WHAT'D**  
**HE WANT?**



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN RED CLOUD WAS AS **YOU** ARE  
NOW...THIRTY YEARS AGO! THE SIOUX WERE BOLD...  
THEY HAD JUST WIPED OUT A TROOP OF CAVALRY  
AT A PLACE CALLED **BADLANDS BLUFF**...AND I  
WAS EAGER FOR GLORY! I LED MY APACHES NORTH  
...WE TOOK MANY SIOUX SCALPS...AND CAPTURED  
THEIR **BATTLE TROPHIES!**



**ONE** OF THEM WAS A BUFFALO HIDE...  
WITH PICTURES TELLING OF THE FIGHT  
AT **BADLANDS BLUFF**! **THAT** IS WHAT  
HONDO RAFFERTY CAME FOR TODAY!

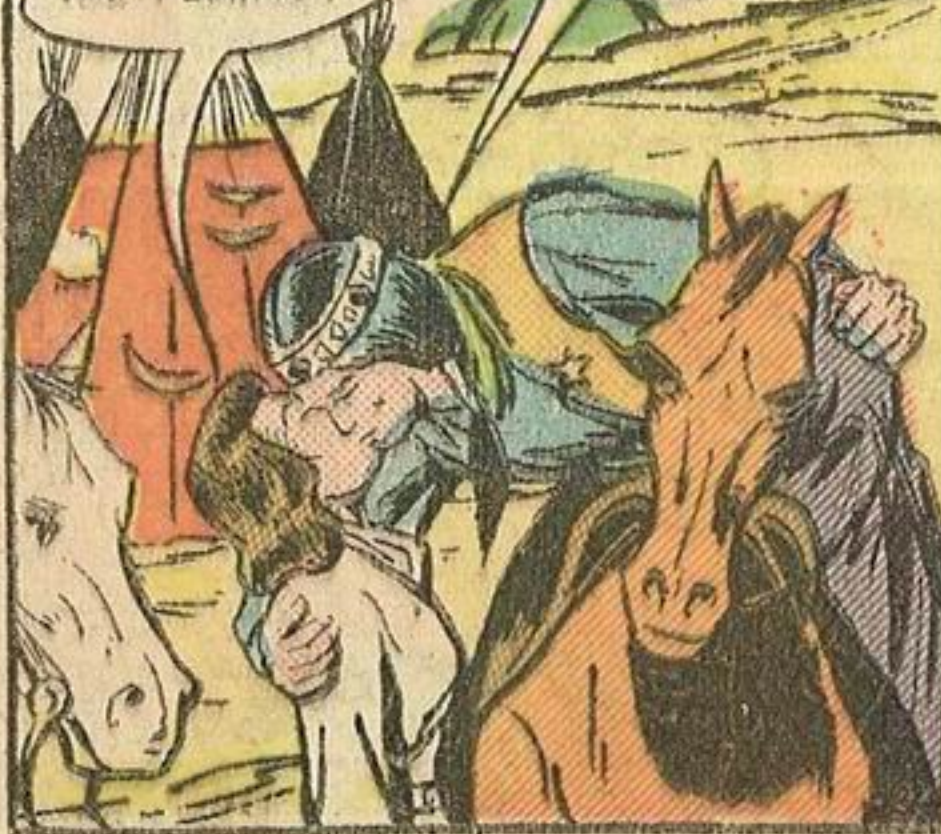
RED CLOUD...I DID WHAT I  
THOUGHT WAS RIGHT WHEN I  
TOOK THEM GUNS...BUT I  
KIN SEE **NOW** THAT I WAS  
TRICKED! THAR'S NOTHIN' I  
KIN SAY...**EXCEPT THAT**  
**I'M GITTIN' HONDO**  
**RAFFERTY!**



**MINUTES LATER...**

INJUN, YOU **CAN'T**  
RIDE NORTH ALL  
THE WAY TO THE  
SIOUX COUNTRY...  
SWARMING WITH  
THE CRUELEST  
WARRIORS ON  
THE PLAINS!

I'VE GOT TUH  
RISK IT, VICKIE  
...BECAUSE IT'S  
A SHORE BET  
THE SIOUX HAVE  
**SOME** IDEE O'  
WHAT HONDO  
RAFFERTY'S  
UP TUH!



**DAY** AFTER DAY INJUN JONES  
SPENDS IN THE SADDLE...SKIRT-  
ING THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF  
THE PAINTED CHEYENNE!

LET HIM RIDE...  
LET HIM RIDE...  
WE CANNOT OUT-  
SPEED AN  
**APACHE!**





**FINALLY...SIX HUNDRED MILES FROM THE SOUTHWEST MESAS...**

**DRUMS! THAR'S A SIOUX CAMP MIGHTY CLOSE...AN' THEY'RE WHOOPIN' IT UP FER WAR!**

**BOOMA BOOMA BOOM**



**LAUGH AT THE SOLDIERS ...LAUGH AT DISTANCE... AND ANSWER THE APACHE INSULT WITH BLOOD!**

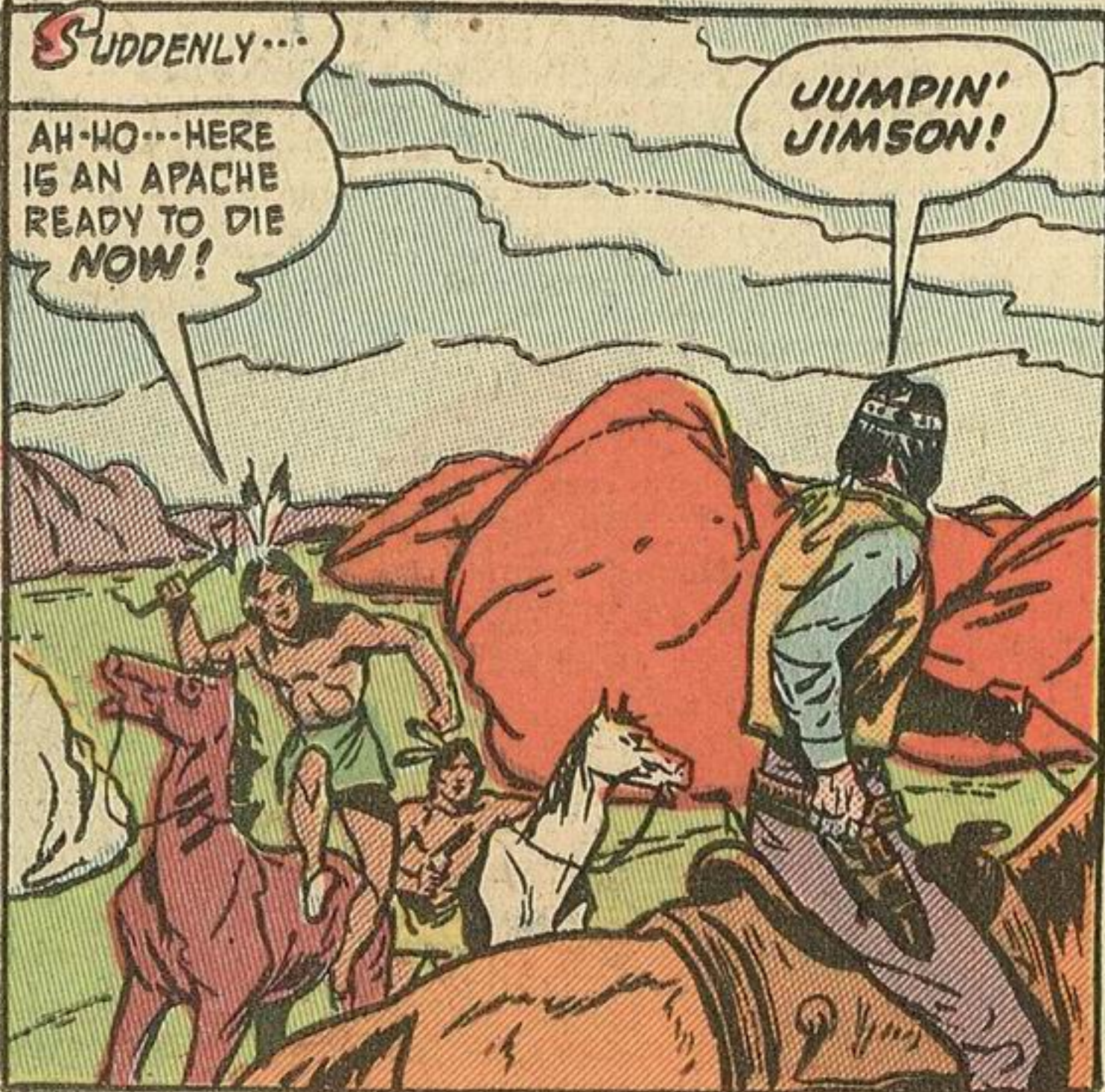
**EEE-YAH! HOOO! HOOO!**



**SUDDENLY...**

**AH-HO...HERE IS AN APACHE READY TO DIE NOW!**

**JUMPIN' JIMSON!**



**YUH WHOOPIN' BUZZARDS ARE GOIN' TUH FIND AN APACHE DOESN'T DIE EASY!**

**CRACK!**



**BANG!**



**THAR'S JEST ONE THING THAT'S SAVIN' YORE CARCASS... I AIM TUH GIT SOME FACTS!**

**THE DESERT DOG IS A SPY! KILL HIM...LET US DANCE AROUND HIS SCALP!**

**BANG! BANG!**



**Then...IN A VOLLEY OF ARROWS AND WHINING BULLETS...**

**RIDE, YUH VARMINT!**

**BANG! BANG!**





**MILES FROM THE SIOUX WAR CAMP...**

YEP...THAR'S PLENTY I WANT TUH KNOW ABOUT! PER EXAMPLE...**HOW COME HONDO RAFFERTY SHOT UP FOUR APACHES TUH GIT THAT BUFFALO HIDE?**

THE ANSWER GOES BACK THIRTY YEARS, INJUN JONES! WHEN OUR BRAVES ATTACKED THE CAVALRY...THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT THE WAGON ESCORTED BY THE TROOPS CARRIED **TEN THOUSAND SILVER DOLLARS** FOR THE ARMY PAYMASTER! WE LEARNED **THAT** ONLY A MONTH AGO... FROM AN INDIAN AGENT WHO SPOKE OF THE OLD DAYS!



**TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!** BUT ONLY ONE OF THE WARRIORS WHO FOUGHT THE CAVALRY IS STILL ALIVE...HIS MEMORY HAS FAILED, INJUN JONES...HE CANNOT REMEMBER **WHERE** THE BATTLE TOOK PLACE! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...**WE HAD TO RECOVER THE BUFFALO-HIDE BATTLE RECORD TAKEN BY THE APACHES!**



THEN HOW COME YUH DIDN'T GIT IT LIKE **MEN**...INSTEAD O' TEAMIN' UP WITH A SIDEWINDER LIKE HONDO RAFFERTY?

WE HAVE THIRSTED FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE APACHES FOR THIRTY YEARS...BUT HUNDREDS OF CAVALRY SCOUTS RIDE THE PLAINS...A WAR PARTY WOULD HAVE TO FIGHT THROUGH **THEM!** BUT NOW WE ARE **READY** TO FIGHT...NOW A **THOUSAND** SOLDIERS CANNOT KEEP US FROM THE THROATS OF THE APACHES!



YUH SIOUX GOT YORE BUFFALO HIDE! IF **THAT'S** ALL YUH WANTED...HOW IS IT YUH'RE ON THE PROD?

YOU LIE...TO SAVE YOUR PEOPLE! RAFFERTY HAS RETURNED...RAFFERTY HAS TOLD US HOW YOUR CHIEF **DESTROYED** THE BUFFALO HIDE...AND SNEERED THAT WE ARE COWARDS!



SO THAT'S IT! HONDO RAFFERTY'S FIXIN' TUH GIT THE DINERO **HIMSELF**...WHILE THE SIOUX AN' APACHES FIGHT IT OUT! WAL, I'VE GOT AN IDEE WHAR TUH FIND HIM...THE VERY SPOT YUH SIOUX HANKERED TUH LEARN ABOUT...**BADLANDS BLUFF!** MAKE TRACKS, HOMBRE...WE'VE GOT TUH CORRAL HONDO BEFORE THE SIOUX RIDE...**FIVE HUNDRED BRAVES AGAINST RED CLOUD'S UNARMED APACHES!**



**A**N HOUR LATER...

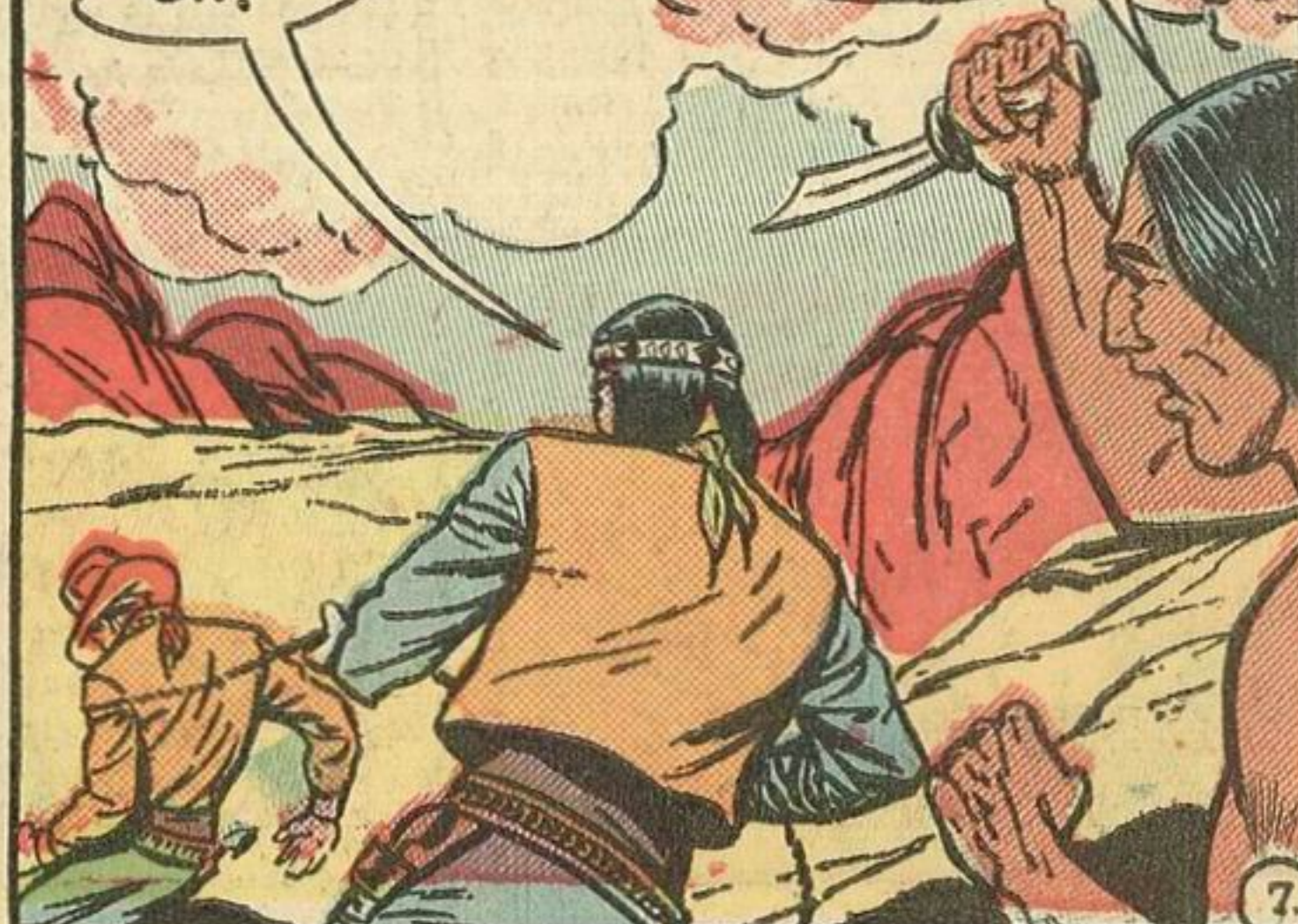
I KIN SEE NOW WHY NO ONE'S EVER FOUND THESE SILVER DOLLARS, HONDO! NONE OF THE SOLDIERS LIVED...AND WHO'D THINK O' LOOKIN' **HERE** AFTER THE WAGON CRASHED OFF THE BLUFF?



NOT A BAD HAUL...CONSIDERIN' WE JEST HAD TUH PLUG A FEW REDSKINS TUH GIT IT!



**RAFFERTY...YUH'RE GITTIN' A HEAP MORE'N YUH COUNTED ON!**



**HAN!** ONLY AN APACHE FOOL WOULD TURN HIS BACK ON A **SIOUX!**





I WAS WAITIN' FER YUH TUH TRY SOMETHIN' SNEAKIN', REDSKIN!

UGH!



HERE'S OUR CHANCE TUH GIT THAT GALOOT ONCE AN' FER ALL! SLAP LEATHER!

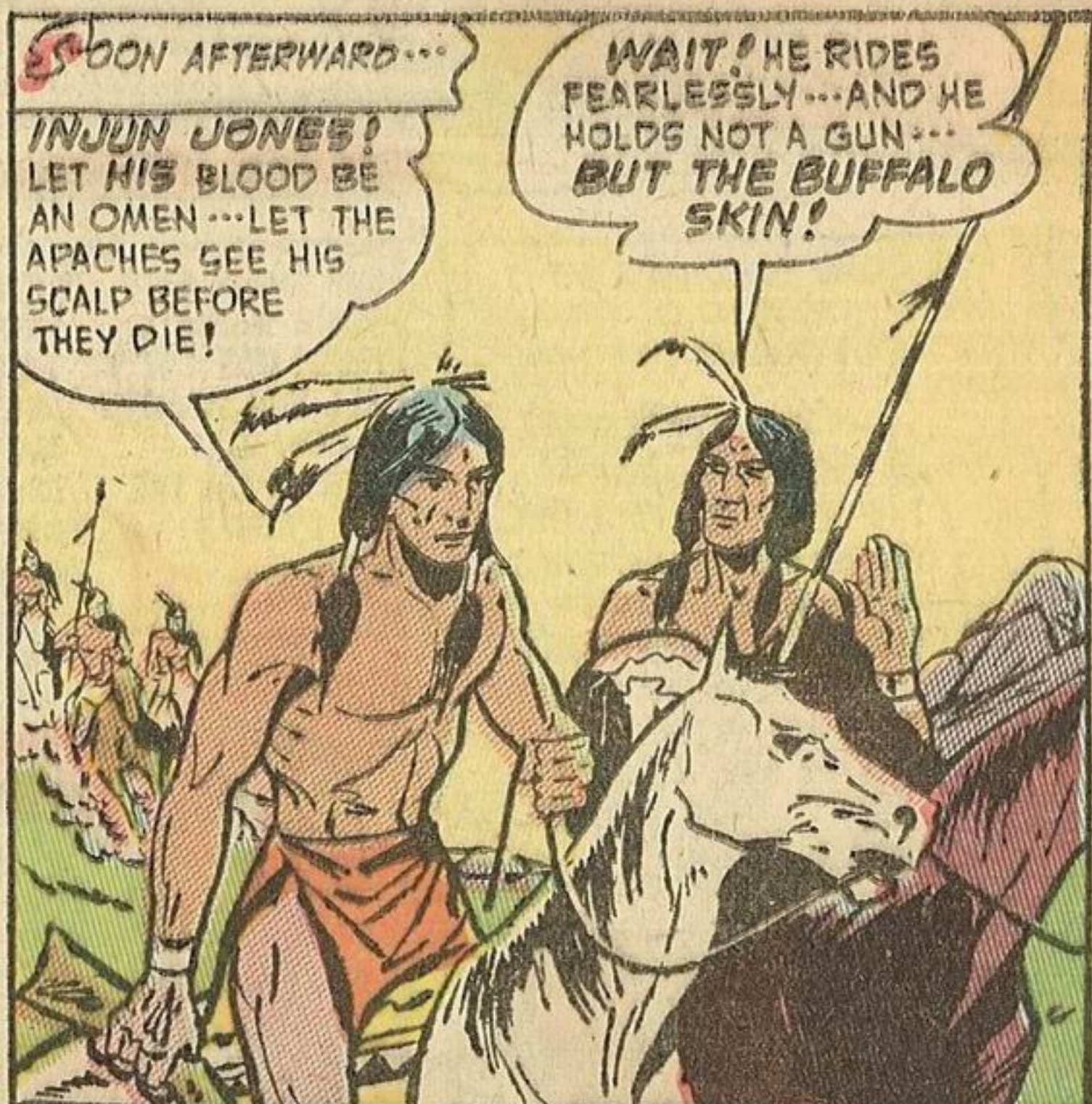
BANG!



RECKON HONDO WON'T BE IN ANY SHAPE TUH MOVE UNTIL I GIT BACK! I GOT THAT BUFFALO HIDE FROM HIS POCKET, AN' RIGHT NOW... I'VE GOT TUH STOP THEM SIOUX!

BANG!

BANG!



SOON AFTERWARD... INJUN JONES! LET HIS BLOOD BE AN OMEN...LET THE APACHES SEE HIS SCALP BEFORE THEY DIE!

WAIT! HE RIDES FEARLESSLY...AND HE HOLDS NOT A GUN... BUT THE BUFFALO SKIN!



Then...UNDAUNTED BY THE MILLING SIOUX...

IF YUH WANT PROOF HONDO RAFFERTY LIED...HERE IT IS! AN' IF YUH WANT HIM...TURN YORE HOSSES AN' FOLLER ME...TUH

THE WRECK O' THAT PAY-MASTER'S WAGON AT BADLANDS BLUFF!

INJUN JONES, WE HATED YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE A PALEFACE...WE HATED YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE A BLOOD BROTHER OF THE APACHE!

BUT THERE IS ONE THING THE SIOUX CANNOT HATE...COURAGE!



ARE YUH STILL DOUBTFUL ABOUT THE COURAGE O' THE APACHES? I AIM TUH TURN THAT SILVER OVER TUH THE GOVERNMENT...AN' I'LL SEE THAT YUH SIOUX GIT A FINDER'S SHARE! BUT IF YUH'RE DEAD SET ON A RUCKUS...RECKON I KIN GIT YUH THAT, TOO!

TELL RED CLOUD OUR HEARTS ARE NO LONGER BLACK! TELL HIM THE REWARD WILL BE SENT TO THE APACHES...AS A TOKEN OF PEACE!



WEEK LATER... THAR'S NO BRINGIN' BACK THE BRAVES HONDO RAFFERTY KILLED, RED CLOUD...BUT MEBBE THAT REWARD MONEY WILL HELP THEIR PEOPLE FORGIT!

FAR MORE THAN FOUR WOULD HAVE DIED IF YOU HAD NOT RIDDEN NORTH, INJUN JONES...ONE MAN AGAINST FIVE HUNDRED SIOUX...BUT AN APACHE!

WAR WHOOPS ECHO AGAINST THE MESAS AGAIN...WHEN INJUN JONES GALLOPS TO MEET A NEW CHALLENGE...IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



For STARTLING  
SUPERNATURAL STORIES...

# IT'S THE **Terrific Trio!**

Not one, but **THREE** great comics magazines...and all filled from cover to cover with spine-tingling, gasp-laden exploits into the realm beyond life itself! For weird, gripping adventures...for the thrilltime of a lifetime...make sure to read them all regularly!

ON ALL STANDS **10¢**

ADVENTURES INTO THE  
**UNKNOWN!**

**FORBIDDEN  
WORLDS**  
EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

OUT OF the  
**NIGHT**



**BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!**



Get this

**24 K GOLD-PLATED**

**RING**

**GOOD LUCK**

**With YOUR OWN INITIALS!**

**BIG!**  
AMAZING VALUE!  
NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

**MASSIVE!**  
EVERY RING MADE TO ORDER!!

**FITS ANY  
FINGER!**

LIMITED SUPPLY!  
**HURRY!**

GLEAMING

**EASY TO GET! LUCKY TO WEAR!**

Yes, it's lucky to wear a ring with your own initials! And everyone will ask, "Where did you get it?"—when they see your beautiful big gold-plated ring with your own initials in massive letters! And what a value—only 25¢, plus front panel of any Smith Bros. box. Limited supply—hurry!



AND THE BEST  
TASTING  
COUGH DROPS,  
TOO!



ONLY **25¢**

WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY  
SMITH BROTHERS BOX  
Send to SMITH BROTHERS,  
Box 424, Providence, R. I.

I am enclosing 25¢ plus the front panel of one Smith Brothers box, any flavor, for which please send me the "Good Luck" Ring with my initials.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(PLEASE PRINT WITH PENCIL)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Initials for Ring \_\_\_\_\_ (FIRST) \_\_\_\_\_ (LAST)

Send to Smith Bros., P.O. Box 424, Providence, R. I.



# PUNCHIN' PREACHER

“ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!” Preacher Holcomb exclaimed. “The people of Tombstone certainly responded to my appeal for money for a new church... ‘I’ll go down and deposit the whole amount in the bank right now!’”

But when he had finished stuffing the bills into a suitcase, the preacher paused worriedly. “I wonder if I ought to carry all this money without a bodyguard,” he mused. “Someone might...oh, nonsense... no one would try holding up a preacher!”

Outside, it had begun to rain, and the streets of Tombstone were deserted. The preacher took the short-cut through the alley to the bank...but when he had gone just a few steps into the alley shadows, a voice spoke behind him: “Don’t make a move, Preacher! I got a gun trained on yore back...jest drop that suitcase an’ mebbe nothin’ will happen tuh yuh!”

The preacher obeyed. “There,” he said, “I’ve dropped it. Now can I turn around?”

“No!” came back the command. “If yuh see muh face, then I *will* have tuh kill yuh tuh keep yore mouth shut! Jest start walkin’ down that alley!”

The preacher knew that by the time he’d get to the end of the alley, both gunman and money would be gone. Thinking swiftly, the preacher said, “But how do I *know* you have a gun trained on my back? I...I won’t start walking until I’m *certain* it’s no use resisting!”

A moment later, the preacher was positively delighted when he felt the gun jammed against his back. “*There!*” the voice said. “*Feel it? Now start walkin’!*”

“Yes, I feel it,” the preacher said, spinning around swiftly and jolting the gunman’s arm aside.

With an oath, the gunman fired, but his arm was now parallel with the preacher’s body and the shot went wild. Then the preacher said, “*Feel this?*”...and his fist exploded against the gunman’s jaw, sending him crashing against the alley wall... out cold!

Brushing his hands off, the preacher grinned down at the gunman and said, “You should have known better than to jab a gun against a man’s back! Every real Westerner knows how easy it is to swivel around and knock the gun away when it’s in that position...and I’m a real Westerner!”

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of THE HOODED HORSEMAN, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant’s full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)



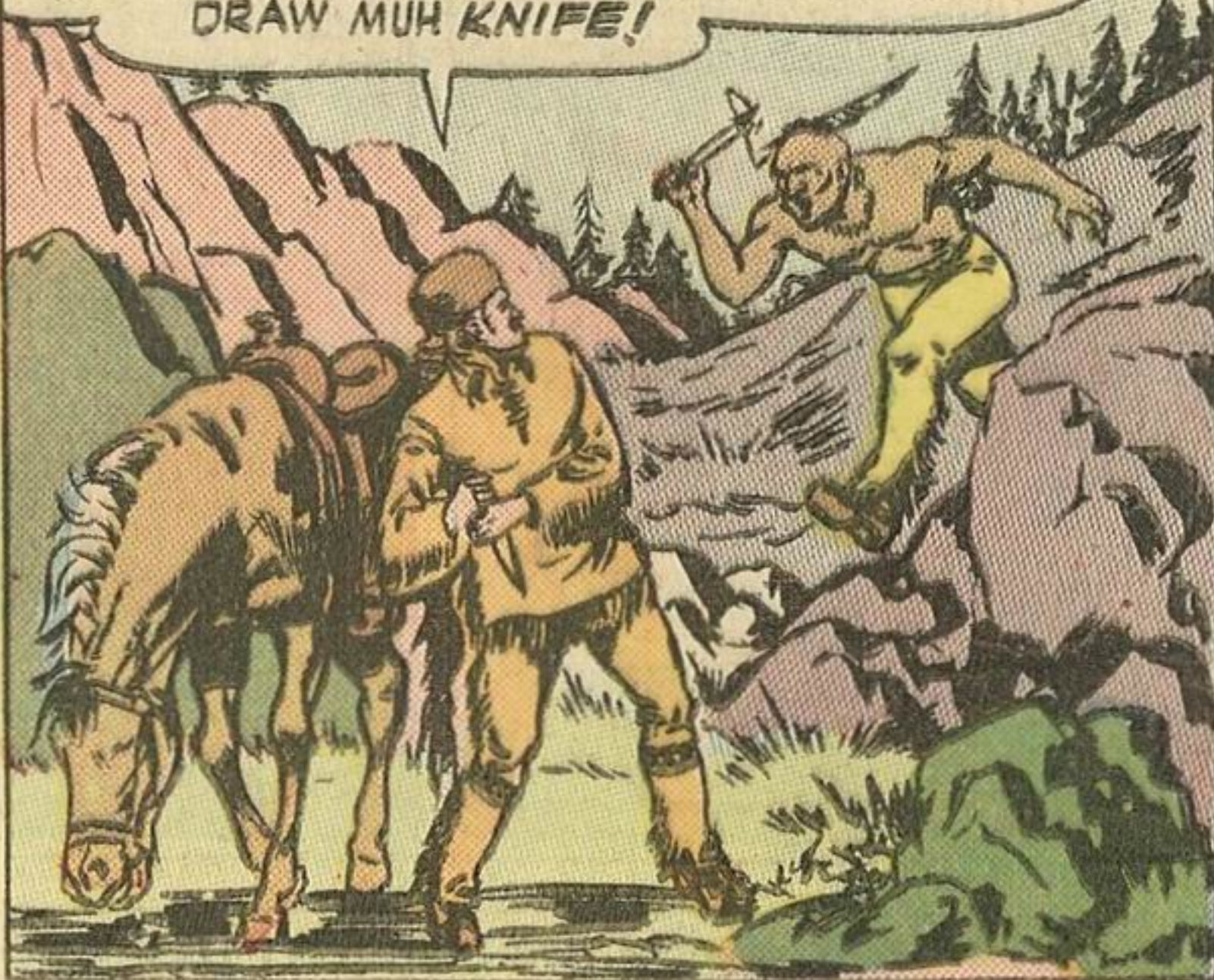
# EPICS of the WEST

ONE OF THE BOLDEST OF THE HEROES WHO CONQUERED THE OLD WEST WAS THE MAN WHO GAVE HIS NAME TO THE DEADLIEST FIGHTING KNIFE EVER KNOWN-- THE BOWIE KNIFE! MEET COLONEL JAMES BOWIE-- A MAN WHO DIED AS HE LIVED-- BATTLING HEROICALLY AGAINST INSUPERABLE ODDS!



JAMES BOWIE WAS BORN IN THE 1790'S IN GEORGIA, BUT LEFT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE IN TEXAS IN 1828-- AND IT'S THERE THAT HIS SAGA REALLY BEGINS...

OH, OH! MUH FIRST TANGLE WITH A REDSKIN! NO TIME TO REACH FER MUH RIFLE-- BETTER DRAW MUH KNIFE!



BUT THERE WAS NO GUARD ON THE HILT OF THE KNIFE -- AND AS BOWIE TRIED TO DRAW IT SWIFTLY, HIS HAND SLID DOWN TO THE BLADE, WHICH GASHED HIS FINGERS SEVERELY!

OWW! THAT LEAVES ME JEST ONE GOOD HAND AGAINST A TOMAHAWK!



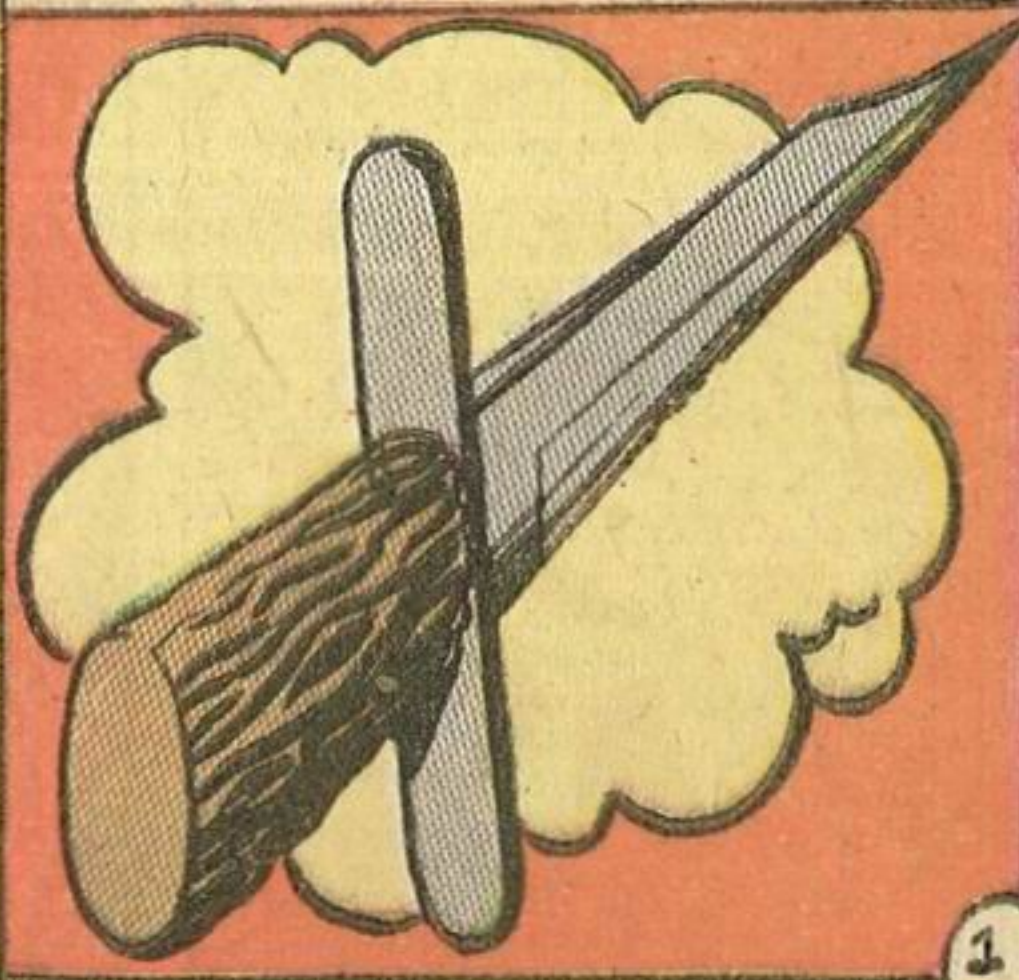
HE WON THAT FIGHT! BUT HIS GASHED HAND INSPIRED BOWIE TO CARVE A MODEL KNIFE FROM WOOD-- WHICH HE BROUGHT TO BLACKSMITH JOHN LOWELL!

KIN YUH MAKE ME A KNIFE JEST LIKE THIS ONE, JOHN? I WANT IT 9 OR 10 INCHES LONG--WITH A SMALL GUARD BELOW THE HILT TO KEEP ME FROM CUTTIN' MUH-SELF ON THE BLADE!

HAVE IT FER YUH IN THE MORNIN', JIM-- AN' IT'LL BE THE BEST KNIFE IN THE WEST!

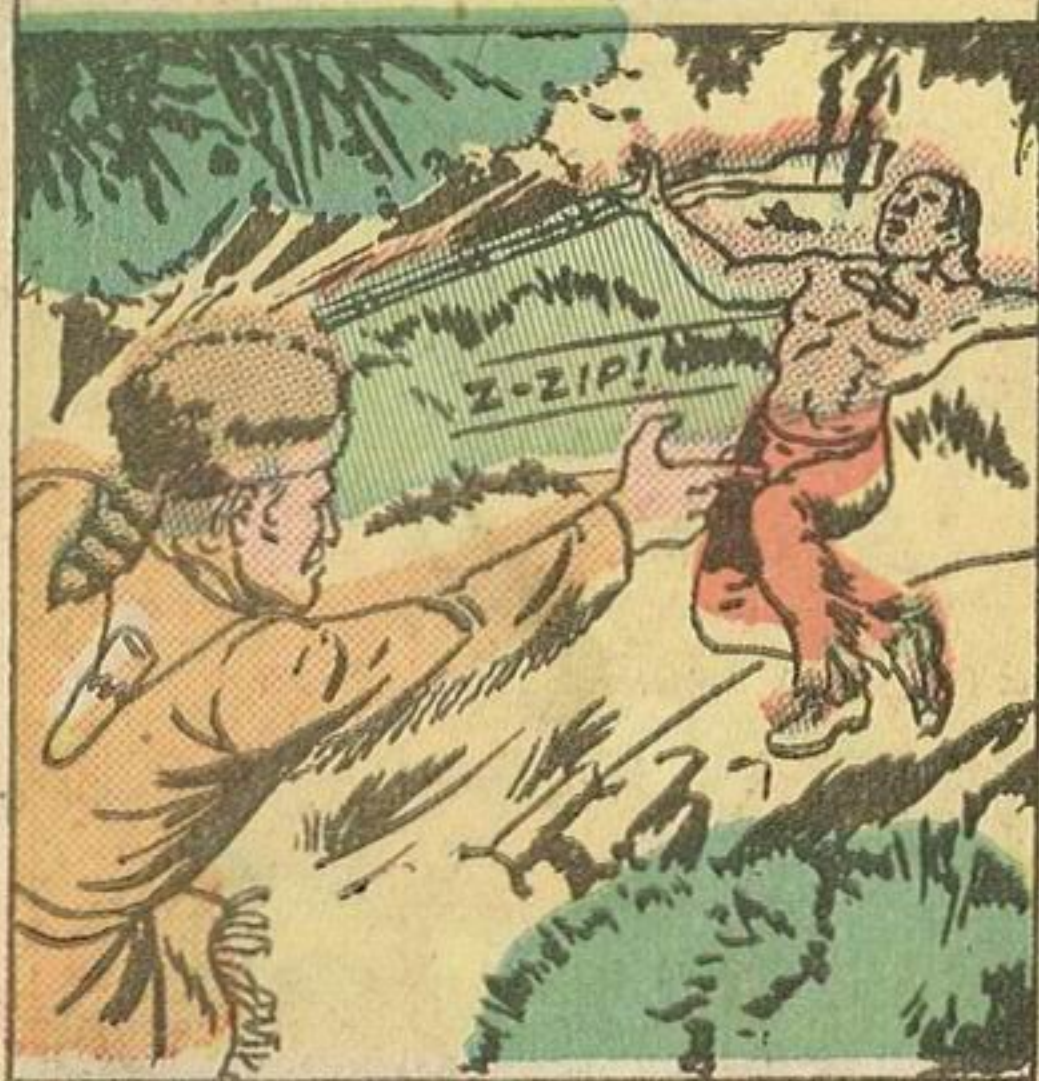


THAT WAS HOW THE FAMOUS BOWIE KNIFE WAS BORN! THE WEAPON SOON BECAME SO POPULAR THAT AN ENGLISH CUTLERY FIRM BEGAN MANUFACTURING IT FOR THE TEXAS FRONTIERSMEN-- AND THE INDIANS EVEN ADOPTED IT FOR USE AS A SCALPING KNIFE!





BUT BY FAR THE MOST EXPERT WIELDER OF THE KNIFE WAS JAMES BOWIE HIMSELF, WHO SLUNG IT IN A SHEATH BEHIND HIS SHOULDER, ALWAYS READY FOR USE! A VICIOUS WEAPON IN FIGHTING, IT WAS EVEN DEADLIER WHEN THROWN BY BOWIE!



IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, BOWIE BECAME KNOWN AS THE GREATEST FIGHTER IN THE WEST! WHEN THE LONE STAR STATE SECEDED FROM MEXICO IN 1836, BOWIE BECAME A COLONEL, JOINING WILLIAM TRAVIS AND DAVY CROCKETT IN COMMAND OF 150 MEN WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO OPPOSE SANTA ANNA'S ARMY OF 4,000 MEXICANS!

THAT'S NO POINT TO FIGHTIN' IN SAN ANTONIO AN' RISKIN' THE LIVES OF THE WOMEN AN' CHILDREN! LET'S MAKE OUR STAND THERE-- IN THE ALAMO MISSION!

GOOD IDEA, JIM! THOSE ADOBE WALLS ARE NEARLY 10 FEET THICK-- AN' WE'LL SHOW SANTA ANNA HOW TEXANS FIGHT!



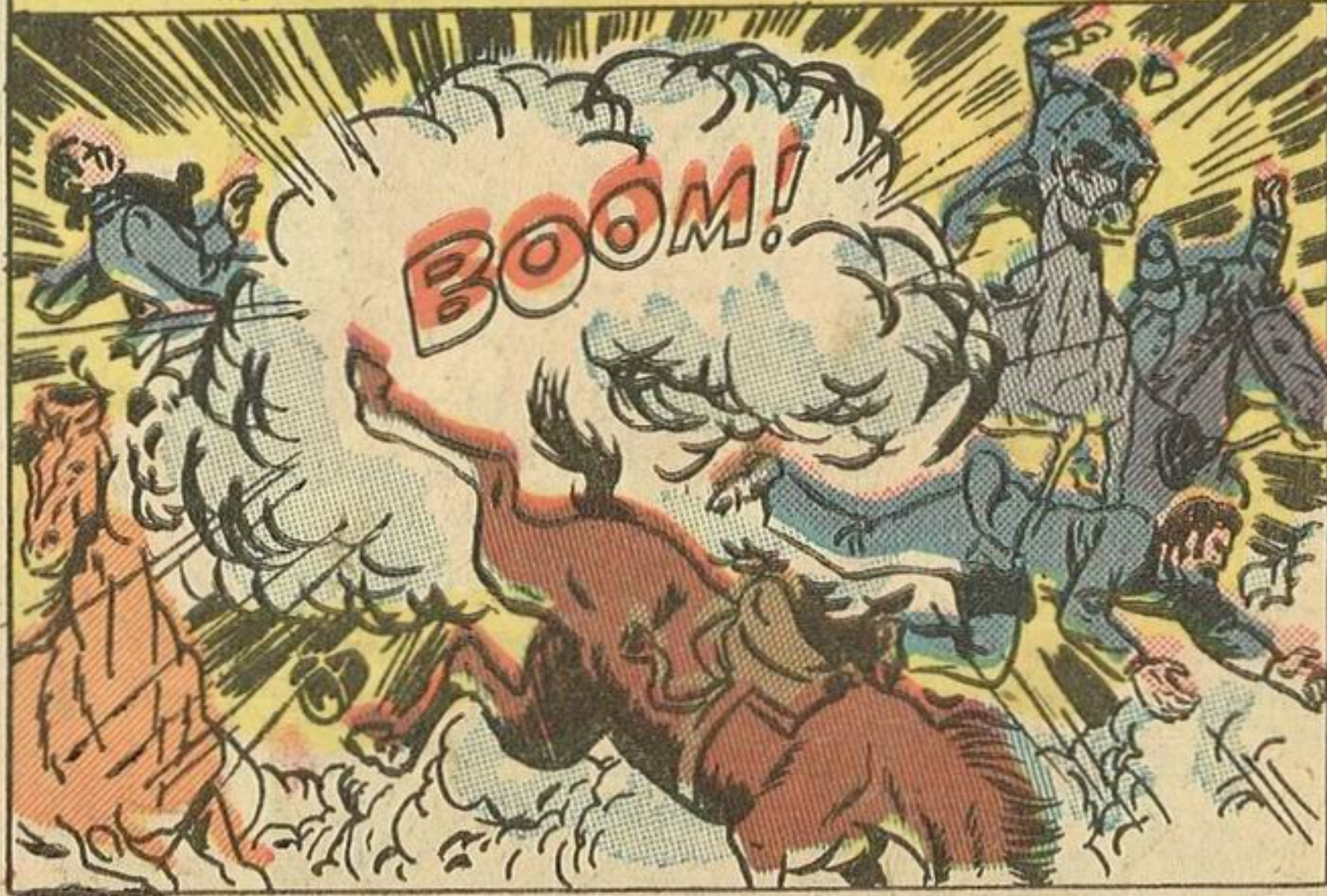
ON FEBRUARY 25, 1836, THE MEXICAN ARMY ARRIVED!

WHEW-- OVER 4,000 OF 'EM-- AN' THEY'RE CARRYING BLOOD-RED FLAGS!

THAT MEANS THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY QUARTER IF WE RESIST-- BUT THAT WON'T STOP US!



WHEN SANTA ANNA SENT A MESSENGER THAT SAME AFTERNOON DEMANDING THAT THE TEXANS SURRENDER UNCONDITIONALLY, THE DEFENDERS ANSWERED WITH A ROUND OF CANNON SHOT!



THE ENRAGED MEXICANS SURROUNDED THE FORT AND OPENED FIRE, BUT EVEN THEIR CANNON HAD LITTLE EFFECT AGAINST THE THICK WALLS OF THE ALAMO! AND WHENEVER THE BESIEGERS WOULD VENTURE TOO CLOSE--

AT NIGHT, CROCKETT AND BOWIE WOULD STEAL OUT OF THE FORT TO RAID THE MEXICAN CAMP! IN ONE OF THESE ENCOUNTERS, BESET BY A DOZEN MEN, BOWIE RECEIVED A SERIOUS SABRE-WOUND!

BARELY ABLE TO WALK, HALF-CARRIED BY CROCKETT, BOWIE KEPT ON DOWNING MEXICANS! TOGETHER, THE TWO ADVENTURERS FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK TO THE ALAMO!

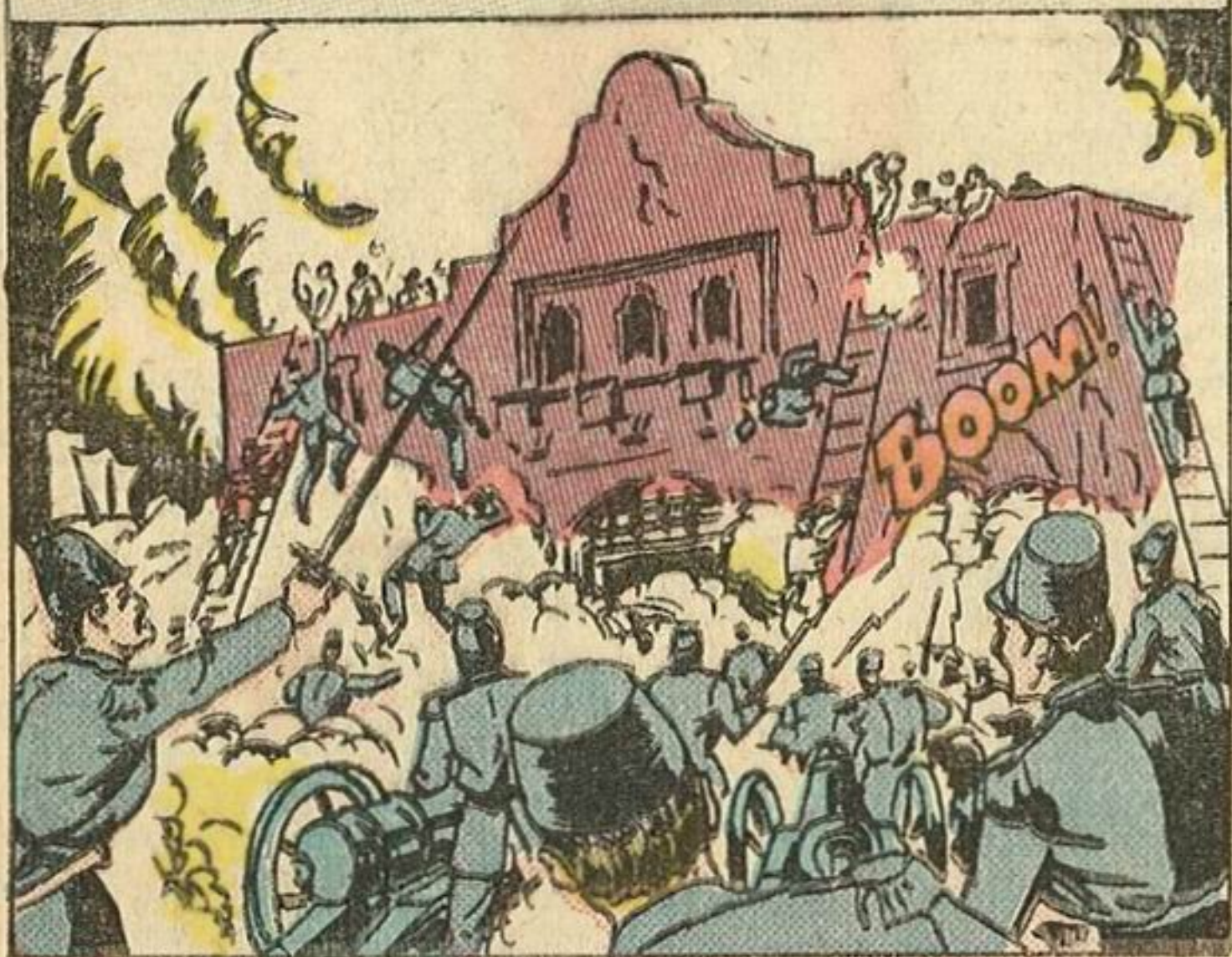
YUH GOT 'IM, JIM! EVEN I WOULD'VE MISSED 'IM AT THAT DISTANCE!

COMIN' FROM DAVY CROCKETT, THAT'S SHORE HIGH PRAISE!





WITH BOWIE CONFINED TO HIS BED, GRAVELY WOUNDED, SANTA ANNA ORDERED A MASS ATTACK! ON SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 6TH, THE ENTIRE MEXICAN ARMY BEGAN SWARMING UP LADDERS PLACED AGAINST THE FORT, DISREGARDING THEIR HUGE LOSSES!



THE TEXANS COULDN'T LOAD THEIR GUNS FAST ENOUGH TO DOWN SO MANY MEXICANS! AS THE ENEMY GAINED THE TOP OF THE WALLS, THE GALLANT DEFENDERS HAD TO USE THEIR RIFLES AS CLUBS! BUT FOR EACH MEXICAN DOWNED, A DOZEN MORE TOOK HIS PLACE!



THE MEXICANS GAINED A FOOTHOLD INSIDE THE FORT AND BEGAN SWARMING INTO THE BARRACKS-- ONLY TO COME UPON THE BED-RIDDEN BOWIE!

AS EACH MEXICAN ENTERED THE ROOM, BOWIE SHOT HIM DEAD! AND WHEN HIS GUN WAS FINALLY EMPTY--

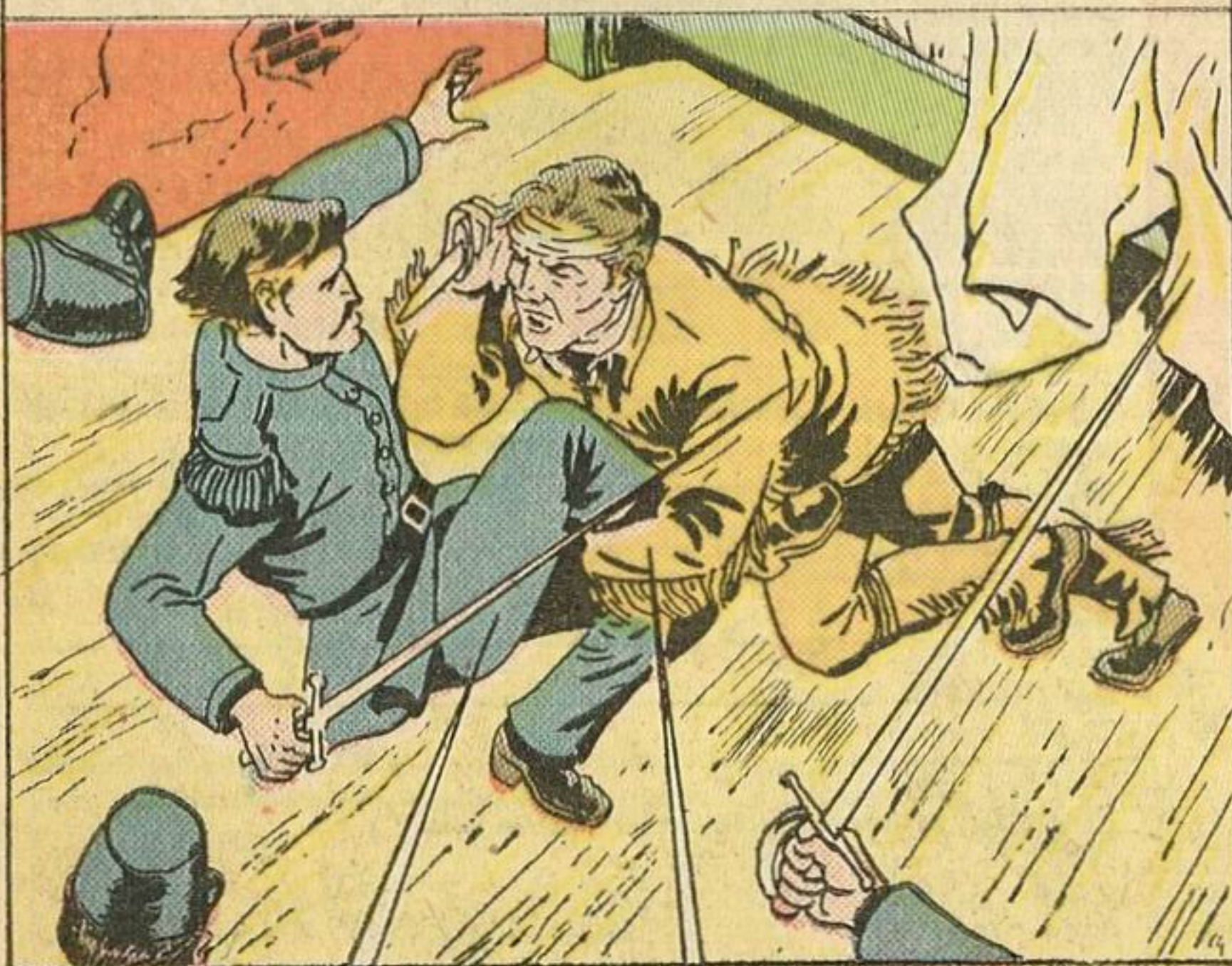


FRIGHTENED MOMENTARILY, THE MEXICANS HALTED LONG ENOUGH FOR BOWIE TO CRAWL TO THE MAN HE'D JUST KILLED AND RETRIEVE HIS BOWIE KNIFE! THEN THE MEXICANS RECOVERED THEIR COURAGE AND CHARGED!

THIS IS THE END-- BUT I'LL TAKE AT LEAST ONE MORE O' YUH WITH ME!



REACHING OUT, BOWIE TRIPPED THE NEAREST MAN-- AND STABBED HIS ENEMY TO THE HEART!



A MOMENT LATER, ONE OF THE GREATEST HEROES OF THE WEST DIED WITH A SABRE POINT IN HIS CHEST-- AND A CHALLENGE ON HIS LIPS!

I DIE-- BUT TEXAS... WILL BE FREE!



the End



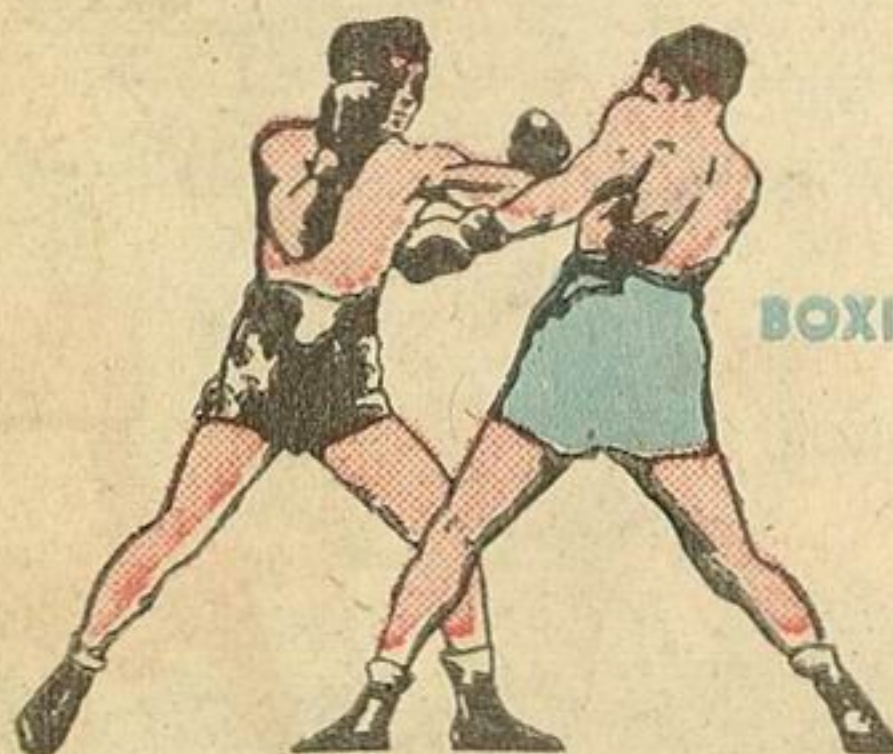
Be the  
**MASTER**  
not the slave!  
Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE



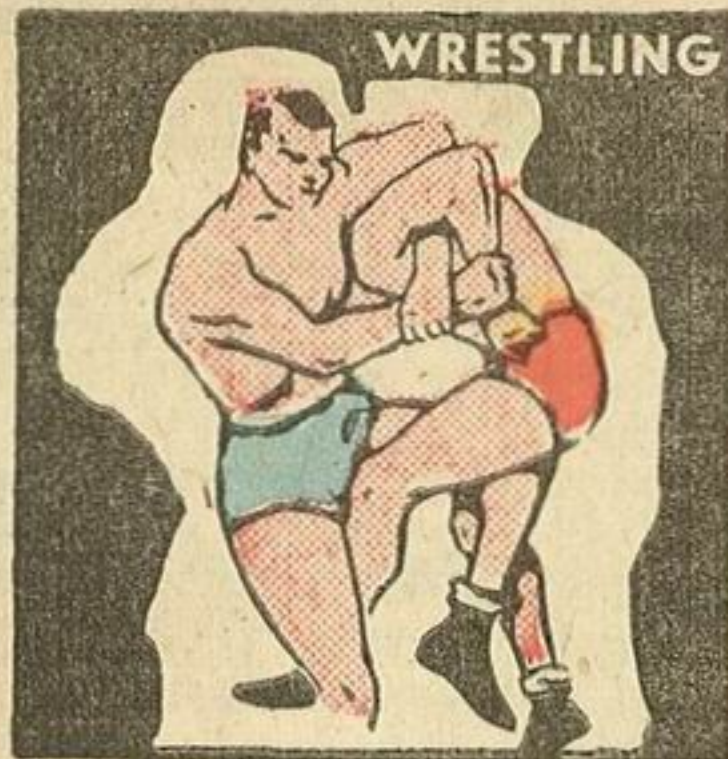
Learn this Quick, Easy Way

OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!

**H**ERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. This new fast-moving system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!



BOXING



WRESTLING



JIU-JITSU

all  
3  
books  
ONLY  
\$1.00

If bought  
separately  
—each—  
50c

In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Never again cringe or shy away from a scrap. Imagine the wonderful confidence when you know that you're nobody's slave; that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough, tough, scrapping, deadly-efficient hellion you can be.

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, we'll send you all 3 books for the price of only 2.

**SEND NO MONEY — RUSH COUPON NOW!**

Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW.

**PICKWICK CO.**  
Box 463, Times Sq. Sta.  
Dept. C-1803 New York 18, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of

- ☐ Jiu-Jitsu—50c ☐ Scientific Boxing—50c  
☐ Wrestling—50c

(If you check two books, we will send you the third without additional charge)

☐ Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ Please send the books all charges prepaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charges. (No C.O.D. for less than \$1.00).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

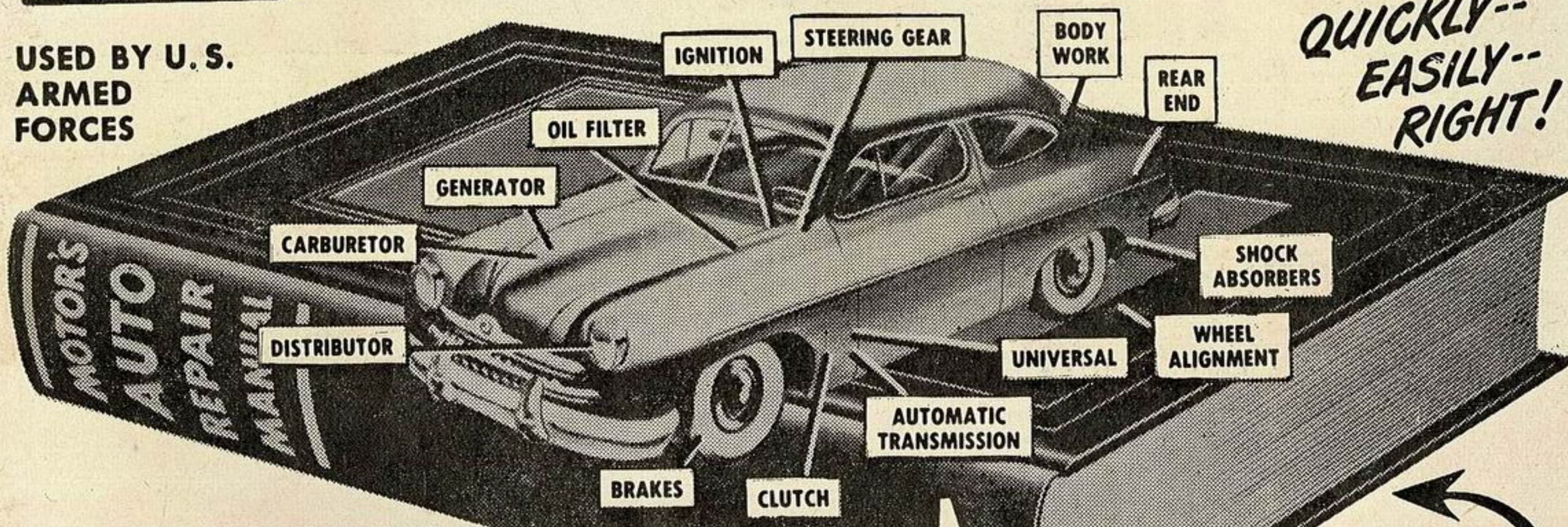
PICKWICK CO. Box 463, Times Sq. Sta., New York 18

HOODED HORSEMAN



# HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U. S.  
ARMED  
FORCES



QUICKLY--  
EASILY--  
RIGHT!

**NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic —You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW 1951 AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows You HOW—With 2300 PICTURES AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.**

**Free 7-DAY TRIAL**  
Return and Pay Nothing  
If Not Satisfied!

**COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1951**

**YES**, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

**Over TWO THOUSAND Pictures! So Complete, So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!**

**NEW REVISED 1951 Edition** covers everything you need to know to repair 800 car models. 771 giant pages, 2300 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 200 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 38,000 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you can't go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch

mechanic, you'll find 'short-cuts' that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible"!

**Meat of Over 150 Official Shop Manuals**

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 150 Official Factory Shop Manuals, "boiled it down"

**Same FREE Offer On MOTOR'S Truck and Tractor Manual**

Covers EVERY job on EVERY popular make gasoline truck, tractor made from 1936 thru 1949. **FREE 7-Day Trial.** Check proper box in coupon.

into crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

**Try Book FREE 7 Days**

**SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen — return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: **MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 90C, 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.**

**Covers 800 Models—All These Makes**

Buick	Henry J.	Nash Rambler
Cadillac	Hudson	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Packard
Chrysler	Lafayette	Plymouth
Crosley	La Salle	Pontiac
De Soto	Lincoln	Studebaker
Dodge	Mercury	Terraplane
Ford	Nash	Willys
Frazer		

ALSO tune-up adjustments for others



**Many Letters of Praise from Users**

"MOTOR'S Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork."

—W. SCHROP, Ohio.

He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor another mechanic had worked on half a day. With your Manual I did it in 30 minutes."

—C. AUBERRY, Tenn.



**MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL**

**MOTOR BOOK DEPT.**

Desk 90C, 250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once (check box opposite book you want):

☐ **MOTOR'S NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit \$1 in 7 days (plus 35c delivery charges), \$2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95c one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$8 cash with order.)

☐ **MOTOR'S TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charges with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$10 cash with order.)

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing WITH coupon entire payment of \$5.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8 for Truck and Tractor Repair Manual.) Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.

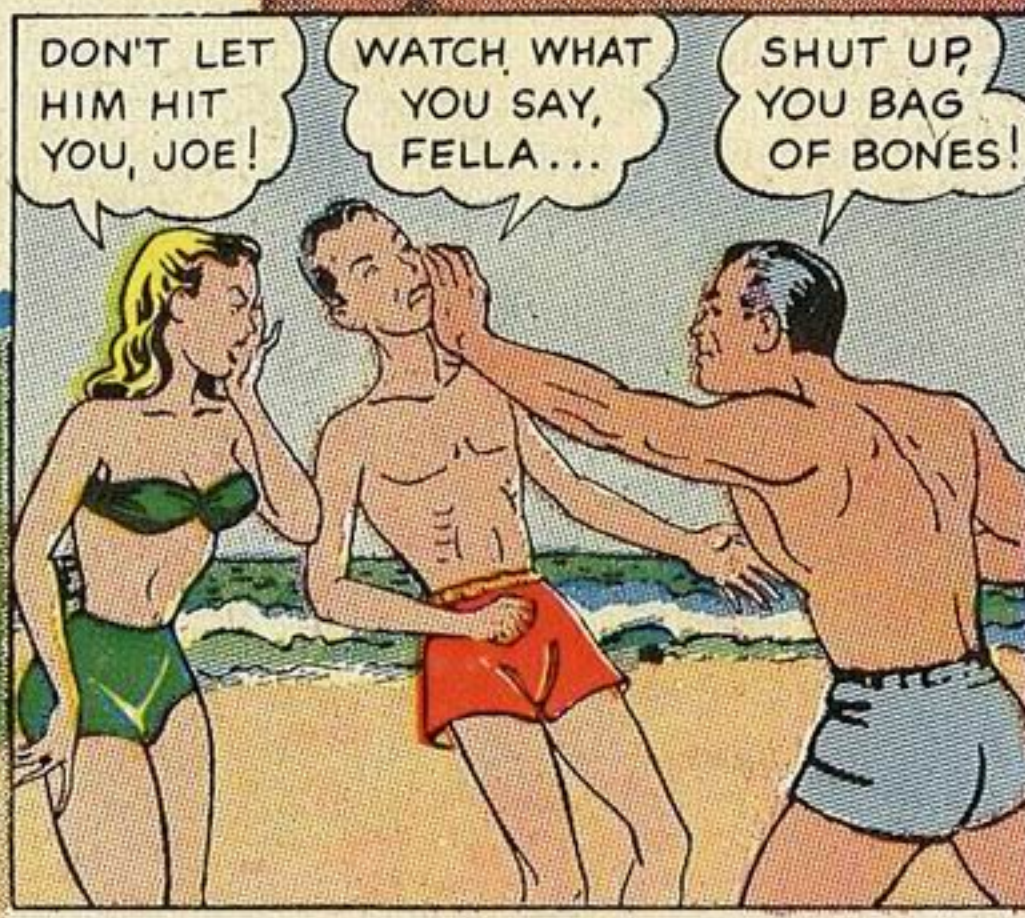


0377 1-1552



**Hey SKINNY!**

**...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!**



**I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!**



**CHARLES ATLAS**  
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**What's My Secret?**

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

**FREE** My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But **FREE**

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy **FREE**. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: **Charles Atlas, Dept. 2Q 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2Q 115 East 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.**

Send me — absolutely **FREE** — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_